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"The disappearance of what is loosely to be designated as the old gallery and rear balcony trade—the present backbone of the motion picture audience—has been a critical godsend to the reputable theatre and to reputable drama . . ." *(See page 3)*

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Literature Returns to the Theatre

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

TO the student of theatrical phenomena, it becomes more and more evident that the critical tendency of the present-day American stage is toward the literary drama. By literary drama is not meant the dramatic hybrid which confuses the library with the stage, nor yet the drama whose composition suggests the man of letters who regards the theatre as a medium beneath his lofty dignity. What is meant by the phrase is drama, sound in its theatrical self, that at the same time has in its web and woof the silken threads of literature and that, apart from its purely stage appeal, merits the consideration of publication as literature.

Two elements have contributed to this increased theatrical predilection for the species of drama in question as opposed to the erstwhile all too insistent drama of unadulterated greasepaint. One, of course, is the motion picture. The motion picture, by ridding the theatre of its demi-emotional and demi-intelligent audiences, has created a residual audience that, both emotionally and intellectually, is more or less a unit, and that, unlike the former miscellaneous audience, may be approached by a producer upon recognizable and at least partly anticipated and understood terms. The disappearance of what is loosely to be designated as the old gallery and rear balcony trade—the present backbone of the motion picture audience—has been a critical godsend to the reputable theatre and to reputable drama. The second item is the increased sophistication of the residual audience itself, its discontent with the kind of plays upon which it often formerly looked kindly, or with a passive kindness, and its avid search for drama of a more exalted nature. The epiphany of the more literary drama is the result.

The three outstanding American dramatists of the present-day theatre are, it is doubtless safe to say, Eugene O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson, and S. N. Behrman. They are also among the most successful at the box-office. All three fall under the heading of literary dramatists, that is, literary dramatists by our prefatory definition. O'Neill, for some time now at work on a cycle of eight full-length plays that will comprise the study of an American family against the changing background of American life in the years from 1809 to 1932, has not been represented in the theatre this season, although the first two plays of the cycle will probably be ready for production in the late autumn. Anderson has contributed "Winterset," a drama of murder and vengeance in the underworld wrought in the rhythms of broken verse. Although not always too ably articulated in the way of dramaturgy and although here and there fuddled in its gallant effort to break through to vigorous beauty, it is relatively the most estimable literary-dramatic exhibit of the year. What is more, in the reading it plays out its drama in the theatre of the imagination quite as effectively as it acts it out on the stage of actuality.

Behrman is the most cultivated and literate of the American comedy writers. His latest play, "End of Summer," while considerably beneath the quality of his last season's "Rain From Heaven" or his "Biography" and "The Second Man" of the seasons before, despite its dramatic lapses at least indicates again a flavor of mind, a skill in literary grace, and a dexterity in the business of putting well-chosen words together that many of our overly hymned prose writers might envy. From the very first day, many years ago, that he sent in his earliest short story writing to the magazine of which I was at the time co-editor, there has been discernible in him that combination of cultured European view of life and American directness and humor which, in these later years, has shown an increased maturity of expression. His plays, also, are quite as much at home in the library chair as in the orchestra seat.

Among the greatest popular successes of the season have been two dramatizations of novels, one of Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome," by Davis *père et fils*, the other of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," by Helen Jerome. Dramatizations of novels, for no good or sound critical reason, have long been suspect in the theatre. Any number have confounded the criticism which contends, in the face of fact, that no worthy novel may be converted into a satisfactory stage play and yet retain what is most valuable in the novel. The two dramatizations in point, the latter in particular, confound such criticism further. While the dimensions of dramaturgy have restricted the scope of the Wharton novel in the latter passages of the stage play, enough of the original remains to hold the mirror accurately up to literature. In the case of the Austen dramatization the entire

Next Week

BOOKS ON GARDENS AND GARDENING
Reviews by Richardson Wright, Marion Parris Smith, Raphael Zon, and B. Y. Morrison

TAKE ALL TO NEBRASKA
By SOPHUS KEITH WINTHER
Reviewed by Mari Sandoz

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Vandamm

HELEN HAYES AND VINCENT PRICE IN "VICTORIA REGINA."

essence and air of the novel have been duplicated to a nicety within the proscenium arch.

Laurence Housman's "Victoria Regina" falls, by common critical consent, much more pointedly into the category of literature than of stage drama, yet it is one of the most prosperous attractions of the year. Even the fact that its thirty episodes, as published in the printed version, have for theatrical purposes been necessarily reduced to a mere ten, has not interfered with its wholehearted reception on the part of audiences. Its lack of drama (in the usual and passé sense) is freely tolerated for its proportionate presence of luminous and tender English prose. "Parnell," by the late Elsie Schauffler, also coming under the head of approximate literary drama, found such favor with audiences that its closing week brought in more than twelve thousand dollars at the box-office. The revival of "The Taming of the Shrew" not only packed the Guild Theatre but the theatres out of New York as well; the revival of "Ghosts" by Madame Nazimova surprised even the most hopeful ticket vendors; and the prosperity of the dramatization of Erskine Caldwell's "Tobacco Road," now in its third year in the New York theatre and doing a land-office business with several companies on the road, is still another straw which suggests the way the theatrical wind is blowing.

Lynn Riggs, whose plays have borne in mind some literary and even poetic quality, and who until this year, despite the modest success of his "Green Grow the Lilacs" in a Theatre Guild production, has been unable to find his audience, now at length finds it with "Russet Mantle," a play often sadly defective, but one which lists sincerely toward poetic expression. And "Lady Precious Stream," Dr. S. I. Hsiung's paraphrase of the classic Chinese drama idea, while perhaps debatable as to any true literary quality, has at least exercised a certain particularized audience appeal, for all the play's botched performance, and has attracted interest in its published book form. (It has, incidentally, enjoyed a long stage engagement in London and is announced as having attracted the attention of Sir Barry Jackson as a possible item for his forthcoming Malvern play festival.)

That the theatre public is no longer frightened by drama which makes an approach to literature thus becomes apparent. And it becomes just as apparent, from the sales statistics on published plays, that to that present theatregoing public there is rapidly being added a public of considerable proportions that, unable to see the plays because of residence away from the theatrical centers, is welcoming them in book form. Surely when one looks at the current publishers' lists and compares them with those of, say, a decade ago, one must be astonished to note the great number of plays that in these later years have been vouchsafed book covers. Moreover, there must be an equal astonishment over the favor that many of these published plays have found and are finding with readers as distinguished from theatregoers. That the plays of Bernard Shaw, for example, have in the ten years in point enjoyed a reading reception of increased and very considerable magnitude is, to be sure, not too surprising, since from almost the beginning Shaw's drama has happily bridged the library and the stage. But there is a very definite and very satisfactory surprise in the almost unbelievable success of the literary-dramatic product of an American like O'Neill, whose published plays have sold, in certain cases, like a Sinclair Lewis best-selling novel and, in others, to a figure that never previously had been reached even remotely by an American dramatist. Think of a single published play selling more than 110,000 copies! Yet that is the record of O'Neill's "Strange Interlude."

There is no space here for an extended record of the sales figures of the published plays of various other dramatists, both American and foreign, but that there is a steadily growing library audience for drama of some literary worth is unmistakable. The published plays that pretty generally fail to find a reading audience are those that lack any literary quality. Their theatrical success alone is not a sufficient reading magnet. Even the worst stage failures of a literary-dramatic writer like O'Neill—"Dynamo" or "Days Without End" for example—appeal to infinitely more book buyers and infinitely more readers than the biggest stage success of a non-literary playwright like the widely discussed Clifford Odets or the Pulitzer prize-winning Sidney Kingsley. The Laurence Housmans and the Maxwell Andersons may generally be relied upon to capture more readers than the Dodie Smiths and the Philip Dunnings.

Just as present-day theatre audiences have gained a taste for the drama that approaches literature, so have they synchronously achieved a happy and safe discrimination between what is more or less authentic in that direction and what, for all the reputations of the specific authors in the field of literature, is plainly bogus. No longer will they accept the fraudulent literary-dramatic play because of the literary standing of a writer. Thus, when a Priestley gives them something like "Eden End," which is three-quarters novel and but one-quarter drama, they gag at it even as the professional drama critics, fully appreciating that on such occasions it isn't that Priestley writes plays like a good novelist but rather that he writes them like a bad dramatist. And thus, also in this same last season, when a Clemence Dane produces something like "Granite," which is a mere pretentious pseudo-literary thrust at the stage, they laugh it promptly into the discard not only because it is bad drama but because it is even worse literature. As things stand in the American theatre today, the literary drama has every chance to come into its successful own. But it must be literature and drama at one and the same time. It cannot, finally to arrive in the library, proceed *from* the library. It must move, with the pace of drama, *toward* it.

George Jean Nathan is one of the best known dramatic critics in this country, having written numerous books and contributed to various periodicals for more than twenty years. Photographs on the cover are to be credited as follows: Eugene O'Neill, Pinchot; Laurence Housman, Disraeli; Maxwell Anderson and S. N. Behrman, both Vandamm.

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A Crusade for Children

WHY KEEP THEM ALIVE? By Paul de Kruif. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

HONEST enthusiasm has a beauty all its own. When it is harnessed to a crusade for the saving of children it presents an almost bullet-proof front to carping critics.

Paul de Kruif, comfortably healthy, full of vitamins and vigor, whose self-appointed and eminently successful task has been the "selling" of death-fighters to their hitherto unconcerned benefactees, awoke one morning to find his orange juice had turned to gall. With the force of a bolt from his own Lake Michigan there had come to him the hair-raising realization that thousands of children were being murdered all over America. ("Let's be honest and call it murder.") Blameless children dying every hour from tuberculosis, from rheumatic hearts, from all the diseases which thrive on persistently hungry tissues. And this despite the extraordinary advances of that science whose valiant publicity agent he had so lustily proclaimed himself.

He rushed to Washington where "scientific and do-gooding people from all over America" had foregathered to a Child Recovery Conference, only, he sadly noted, to adjourn "into futility." Still he seems to have learned quite a bit about malnutrition. Then he gives himself over to "a rapid-fire observation of America." He travels to closed-down mines to whose fringes still cling the jobless and their families, to Wisconsin to talk with dust-maddened farmers and their hollow-eyed wives, to the desolate slums of Cincinnati. His rage at what he sees grows apace. He reports each experience in short, breathless sentences stabbed through with sarcasm. He storms at his old friend Wallace of the A.A.A. What? Reduce milk production when families of eight have scarcely a pint a day? Cut down wheat acreage when children are whimpering for bread? It drives him to a frenzy of rage against the "restricted diet for emergency use" of a government, "masterly at keeping its masses just this side of starving"; against the snoopy and suspicious investigators whose "jobs demand that they be skilled semi-starvers"; against his very heroes themselves, those supermen of hospital and laboratory who not only refuse to get excited, but who actually approach the money-lenders hats in hand like mendicants and are grateful when they are granted a pittance for research. But he can't really "stay mad" at these last, and in among the woes of the children steal his heroic figures—Vaughan, Davidson, Pat O'Brien, Colburn, Allen Dafoe.

By the end of his year of torment this modern St. George has tracked the dragon to its filthy lair, and has found its name to be Poverty. And behold, all that is required now to smoke out this slaughterer of the innocents is to change our System. There is plenty for everyone, so let's pass it around at once. If you must be commercially minded and think of expense, he offers you figures from life insurance companies to prove the spendthrift reality of your penny-wise policy.

Naive, I grant you is this author's excitement over this his great discovery. It is as if someone had suddenly announced from the housetops that war hurts blameless persons. But don't forget there are those who "never thought of it this way" and who may well be pricked into awareness by this romantic crusader when health office statistics would leave them cold. One may quarrel with some of his statements. One may question his faith in the omnipotence of certain cures. (Here this reviewer scents positive danger.) If one happens to belong to the medical profession one is bound to squirm fairly often; as for example, at the picture of "the darkened conference room of the Herman Kiefer Hospital where work the cohorts of death-haters, . . . cool as steel." A bookful of this sort of thing and most doctors will turn avidly to the caustic irony of a Zinsser.

The truth is that, however fondly he may hark back to his Rockefeller Institute experience, Paul de Kruif is indubitably a romanticist, and your romanticist is as remote from your "pure" scientist as East is from West, as emotion is from intellect. But having said that, what of it? As a people we offer lip-service to science, but where would our boasted sciences be today had not romanticism, prompted too often perhaps by sentimentality or vanity, founded its schools, established its laboratories, financed its experiments?

To us old timers in the field Dr. de Kruif's excited discovery of this old, old shadow on our civilization, the tragedy of the forgotten child, may indeed suggest the angry reaction of the adolescent when first confronted with social injustice. But what if from the contagion of this ardor, just one child be saved?

Dr. Mabel S. Ulrich was for several years engaged in public health work in Minnesota.

DENTAL WORK FOR MAINE SCHOOL CHILDREN
From "America Fights the Depression" (Coward-McCann).

Swans Sleeping

By LEONORA SPEYER

THE city street, the city bridge,
Night come upon the restless town;
And those who walk at night look down
To where along the shadowy ledge
Of rock below, of water's edge,
Vast bird by bird,
White heap by heap,
Swans lie asleep.

The city swans: small, aimless ships
Plying all day their aimless trade
Along the Rhone's incredible jade
Swirling and deep; they lie asleep
Under the bridge, along the shore,
Fresh-fallen snow some busy wife
Has swept together from her door
Feather by feather,
Heap by heap.

So still they lie (O snowy wonder),
Wings folded close, the peerless neck
Uncurved and limp, the head tucked under,
Supine, indifferent, unaware
Of city sounds, of passers there,
Of wheels, of heels . . . so still they lie . . .
Save only one!
Sudden-alert, the mighty swan,
Wings wide indeed, but not for flight,
High, swaying neck, but not in fear:
He flings his male, imperious cry
Along the night, along the river—
Beneath the shadows of the bridge
I see a whiteness lying near
Stir in its sleep and quiver.

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Dizzy Takes the Stage

YOUNG MR. DISRAELI. By Elswyth Thane. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

THERE is a new technique of biography in the world—no! not a new technique but a very, very old technique revived. It lies in that shadowy—and not seldom shady—borderland between fact and fiction, that skilful blending of what is known with what is unknown, or imagined, or guessed, of human thoughts, relationships, dreams, emotions, ambitions, loves, hates, and, above all, conversations embodying these elements into a narrative which is, or professes to be, not the mere statement of provable events and sayings but a "lifelike" narrative. It recounts what in the language of the old Latin subjunctive, "may, might, could, would, or should" have happened, rather than what we can actually prove did happen. It is the result of the action of the imagination upon the slender body of information in regard to any person living or dead, but preferably dead, which seeks to make that person a living, breathing, and, especially, a talking individuality. The device is as old as the human race; it is in Plutarch and in Thucydides—though with a difference—it fills the memoirs of the eighteenth century, and it is now revived in the school of biographical romanticism of which this volume is an excellent example, and its author an outstanding exponent.

Miss Thane has written an interesting book. She has evidently filled her mind not only with the main facts of the history of the period she covers but with the materials in letters and in diaries which relate to the individuals she describes. She has then, as it were, "personalized" it all. Having pictured to herself just what these people were like, or, at least, were like to her, she has put them in the appropriate setting and background, dressed them for their parts, and put words in their mouths which seemed appropriate to their characters and the various situations in which they found themselves, political, intellectual, material, and spiritual. She has, in fact, written a play about them. It is a good play; it has background, characters, situations, dialogue. It is entertaining; it is, within its limits, "true" to the facts—or what we know of them—and if its characters did not think or say or act precisely as they do here, while they were still alive, they perform in all these matters quite "in character." If they are somewhat "stylized" and conventionalized, if they are distinctly romanticized, that, again, is in keeping with the new technique of what is essentially good historical "theatre."

ELSWYTH THANE

BENJAMIN DISRAELI
From a portrait by Grant.

The result is a highly entertaining book. As Mr. Parker put the elder Disraeli into a play, Miss Thane has done the same with the younger edition of the same romantic character. It scarcely needs the extravagant praise of its publishers to prove her case. Her book—and her hero—speak for themselves. It is possible that some readers will believe that her characters actually spoke and acted as they do in these pages—but more probably they will take from it the same impression that one takes from a play, extremely definite as to the kind of people these once were, extremely vague as to the precise situations and language or their relation to reality. It may be that some readers will actually believe that these are the *ipsissima verba* of her characters—and doubtless some of them really are. But what she has proposed to do, she has unquestionably done. She has created characters and has made them live. If they are not precisely what they profess to be historically, who can say that they are not? Who, in fact, can prove or disprove Shakespeare's history so far as its "psychology" is concerned? In that respect Miss Thane is at one with Shakespeare and Thucydides; with what differences the reader may note for himself; but whatever his judgment, he will be entertained, perhaps even instructed, if not always or entirely convinced.

Wilbur Cortez Abbott is professor of history at Harvard. His most recent book is "Conflicts with Oblivion."

The Dictatorship of the Judiciary

LAWLESS JUDGES. By Louis P. Goldberg and Eleanore Leverson. New York: The Rand School Press. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by HARRY SHULMAN

THAT law is a function of our economic and social arrangements is an established theory. That a large body of our law is made by judges without any participation by legislatures and that judges make law by following, building on, deviating from, and overruling precedent has been regarded as the genius of our legal system. Dissatisfaction with judicial decisions is as expectable as dissatisfaction with legislative enactments or economic institutions. Indeed, even more so. For, accepting existing legislation and existing institutions, opinions may still differ as to the propriety and logic of the judicial decision. Likewise, the character, qualities, and conduct of judges are properly and inevitably subjects for continuous critical discussion. They are mortal men selected from the body of lawyers and entrusted with high governmental powers. Among them, as among lawyers, police officials, and administrators, there may doubtless be some who are unqualified for office, some who are not impartial, humane, or learned, some who are arbitrary and intoxicated with their powers. There have been such judges in the past and their conduct has helped to fashion the form of our judicial system. Statutory and constitutional restrictions upon the powers of judges in jury trials and elsewhere are common.

That judges may err is a postulate of our legal system. Why, otherwise, appellate courts? That judges may be lawless is equally recognized. Why, otherwise, the provisions for impeachment? But judicial transgressors have enviable opportunities, not equally available to others, to cover their transgressions with the cloak of regularity or mere error.

"Lawless Judges" should be, therefore, a valuable and significant book. But it is not,—partly because it employs too much invective, partly because most of the material treated is not novel and much of it is treated better elsewhere, and partly

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because its thesis is fantastic. The thesis is that judges are supposed to have no part in law making, that law is certain and readily recognizable, that there is little room for choice or difference of opinion in its application, and that departure from precedent is lawless and reprehensible. With this theory as their base, the authors say that they have presented a "mass of evidence" which "has proven" that judges have "deliberately applied their economic principles and prejudices, rather than the existing laws," deprived large masses of workers and minorities of their constitutional privileges, "changed existing laws thereby usurping the legislative function," emasculated statutes, declared unconstitutional, without warrant of law, "laws intended to protect the people against economic exploitation," and established the judiciary as "dictator over the American people." The charges are levelled not at individual judges, but against the judiciary as a class. Paradoxically, the greater portion of the evidence consists of cases decided by elected judges. All the judges were subject to impeachment, but none was impeached; some were also subject to recall or to defeat in re-election campaigns but were retained in office.

Although their material might have been so used, it is apparently not the authors' purpose to appraise the economic and social values which underlie the law, or to show, as they believe, that in a capitalist society law is concerned predominantly with the protection of private property and vested interests, and does not accord sufficient justice to labor. Instead, we are asked to believe that the judges are motivated by schemes of values which are foreign to the law and flout the law; that the law applicable to the type of cases discussed is what a very few judges do, that what most judges do is not the law;—that the law is liberal but most judges are reactionary.

Yet the book is a good antidote for the rightist pæans about the judiciary. Forget the authors' thesis and stated purposes, disregard the invective, and there still remains a striking collection of cases and a substantial criticism of the theory and operation of an important part of our law.

Harry Shulman is a member of the staff of the Yale University School of Law.

Washington Cream Pie

FATHER STRUCK IT RICH. By Evalyn Walsh McLean, with Boyden Sparks. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

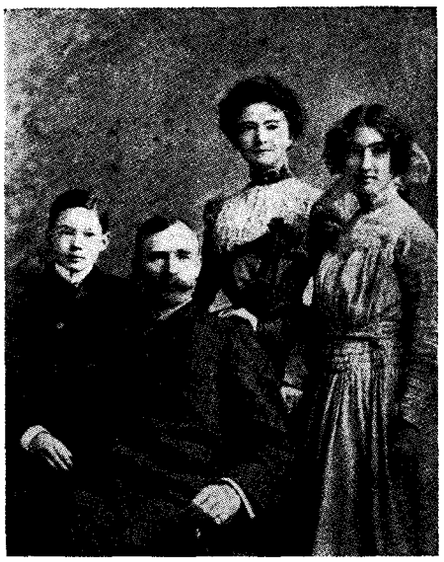
THE publishers put forth this hefty volume as "The Greatest True Cinderella Story Ever Told." Years ago Harry Leon Wilson wrote a quite funny novel about the *nouveaux riches*—the father being a rather sympathetic figure like Jiggs in "Bringing up Father." He could never adapt himself to the urban ambitions of the women of his family. Before *he* struck it rich out West, he had had one chief ambition, he had promised himself one eventual reward—that was to consume to the last crumb a certain toothsome Washington Cream Pie in the window of a certain bakery which he passed every day on his way to the hills in which there was sure to be gold. The funny thing about it was that, eventually, he found the gold, marched into the bakery, and ate the pie. But his wife and daughter had cherished a larger dream. They were after a bigger Washington Cream—.

The era of the "nouveau riche" is long past. In fact the expression dates like the gay nineties. Nor does it any longer matter that, in so monstrously unplanned a society as ours, people in the past have done all manner of preposterous things. They naturally would. Why not? And don't think I don't love it. The immigrant lad from Ireland, Thomas Walsh, who became the mining king and the father of Evalyn Walsh, is so typical of the old America of my boyhood that it almost seems to be caricature. And the sequel—the frontispiece of this book—his daughter, with the aigrette, wearing the Hope Diamond and Star of the East—is almost too good to be true. But it *is* true, Glory Be!

Harris & Ewing

EVALYN WALSH McLEAN
Wearing the Hope Diamond.

Such were the old careers, the history of which has been spread broad on the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* to stimulate emulation in the young! And, really, the publishers are dead right to emphasize the Cinderella motif; for up till yesterday when the American people actually began dimly to have one or two thoughts, Cinderella was America's sweetheart and our national heroine. She still is—in the movies. And the guy who strikes it rich is still our national hero. And the girl who can spend two hundred thousand dollars on her honeymoon is "shot with luck." Why should Americans worry about economics and sociology anyway? They're all lucky guys with the same chance, aren't they? And if you had a dictatorship of the proletariat you certainly wouldn't have any funnier spectacles.



THE WALSH FAMILY IN 1897

I seriously mean it when I say that this is a document. And it blows so-called Washington society higher than a kite—hoist with its own petard! The writer of this book has vitality. She tells all about herself. And celebrities? She's missed hardly any.

> When the musicale was over I went into our guest's bedroom to see Nordica helped out of her clothes and eyed her as she rubbed the red corrugations left on her hips by corsets. She rarely wore them, she said.
>
> "Why, Evalyn," she said to me in answering some one of my thousand questions, "I have not had a bath in thirty years."
>
> I envied her and asked another question.
>
> "My maid," she said, "always sponges me. I don't believe that bathing in a tub is healthy. Those sort of baths take strength a singer needs."

Do you see now why this is my favorite book of the month?

Of course it has a serious side. Tom Walsh and his daughter knew what it was to fight up from the bottom. The straight-from-the shoulder account of that struggle—or rather triumphal march—is, seriously, the best thing in the book. If one weren't being doubled up all the time by the author's excruciating remarks, one would have more chance to appreciate it.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Non-Fiction

THE publishers say that this has been a non-fiction year, which means that many a good book not a novel has crossed the line from esteem to popularity. It is curious and probably significant that the awkward term "non-fiction" has come into general use, with a well recognized meaning, only in the last few years. The greater part of pre-nineteenth century literature was, of course, *not* fiction. Furthermore, it would be difficult to prove that the ratio of novels to other books has changed materially since the latter nineteenth century when fiction came into its own. But non-fiction does not mean not fiction; it seems to mean specifically a book of general interest, likely to be read widely by the general intelligent reader who is not a specialist, yet not a novel nor a collection of short stories.

To put it differently, the acceptance of the term non-fiction is a recognition of a change in taste. Novels have always been popular. It is not too much to say that from, roughly, 1880 until just before the war, they were the only books that could be counted upon to supply best-sellers or even good sellers. The old governing class of readers who, a century or more ago, supplied a profitable market for Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" or Carlyle's "French Revolution," broke up with the spread of democracy and the industrial revolution. The quantity book buyers of the *fin de siècle*, at least in the United States, were fiction minded. Now the situation has changed.

Good evidence can be drawn from the statistics of the two largest book clubs, which together serve many more than 100,000 American readers. Their choice, it is fair to say, is governed by two main considerations: what are the best books available, and which among these books can be sent out to large numbers of readers with some assurance that they will be read with pleasure and profit. Neither club is in the missionary business, either for fiction or non-fiction. They send out the best books they can get which are suitable for general consumption. Neither would choose a group of intricate sonnets no matter how excellent, neither would choose a cheap and empty novel even though its conventionalized characters and plot might seem to guarantee a sure-fire popularity. Their choices therefore should indicate with some accuracy the trend of reasonably good reading.

The Book-of-the-Month Club last year sent out to its subscribers fourteen books, of which only seven in a strict interpretation could be regarded as fiction, although three others had many of the elements of good fiction while in substance and in form they were more truly biographies. The Literary Guild sent out to its readers thirteen books, of which seven were fiction. One of these was an anthology containing poetry, another a centuries-old Japanese narrative, not a novel as we understand the term. If we disregard these border-line instances—to be specific: Clarence Day's "Life With Father" and "God and My Father," Mari Sandoz's "Old Jules," "A Kipling Pageant," and "The Tale of Genji"—thirteen of the twenty-seven volumes chosen in all, were non-fiction. As an indication of what is meant by non-fiction, these ranged all the way from "Personal History" by Vincent Sheean, "Francis the First," by Francis Hackett, and an "Anthology of World Prose," to Walter Millis's "Road to War," T. E. Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," and de Caulaincourt's "With Napoleon in Russia." And it may be said authoritatively that at least one of these clubs, when it was founded in 1926, expected to send out not more than one non-fiction book per year, the rest to be novels.

There is nothing accidental in this shift, but its explanation is not easy because it is certainly due to several causes. One is presumably the concern with fact, information, opinion, argument, and history which began with the approach to the crisis of the war as far back as 1910, was deepened by the war itself, and was broadened by the obvious end-of-a-period character of the twenties and thirties, with their growing economic unrest and social change.

Another cause (let us pay this compliment to the colleges who have been so often condemned for their methods of teaching literature)—another cause was the increasing percentage of college graduates among the book-reading class. Whatever else had happened to them in college they had at least been made acquainted with biography and history beyond the text-book stage, and had been made aware of sociology, economics, science, government, all of which were to become staples of non-fiction.

But the chief reason for the march of non-fiction into the best-seller lists is, we believe, more subtle, and accounts also for the relative unsuccess of purely creative work in general.

It is quite clear that the subject matter of literature is changing. It is always changing, but the rate of acceleration varies, and this decade, like the 1580s or the 1790s, is one of the high-rate periods. There is no space here to supply historical analogies. Yet it may be stated dogmatically that the confused complex of a changing social order has been reflected in our creative literature, and especially in our fiction. To generalize widely, novels by and large have been either, as with many competent British stories, smooth, readable, conventional, and empty of any true relationships to the significant in the contemporary scene, neglecting not merely economic change, but psychological difficulties, and spiritual unrest. Or, as with so many American novels, they have been congested with social significance, or wild with experimental attempts to focus upon a kaleidoscope, and thus, like many naturalistic novels, have been dull and ugly though often impressive, or, like many modernistic novels, brilliant, fantastic, and indicative of change, but quite unreadable by the average man. As George Dangerfield said most acutely in a recent review in this magazine, "The American novel observes human nature, not face to face, but in the shifting and distorting and problematical mirrors of religion, politics, economics, and sex. It incarnates its problems." And, one may add, has not yet found a satisfactory body. It is not surprising that having to choose between competent emptiness and a confused vitality, the intelligent reading public has shifted toward non-fiction where no such vital difficulties exist.

Ten Years Ago

In The Saturday Review for March 6, 1926, Hans Zinsser reviewed "Microbe Hunters" by Paul de Kruif. Dr. Zinsser wrote: "*The adventurousness of scientific work which these biographical chapters reveal . . . may explain why there exists—and always will exist—a small and peculiar group . . . who will take a job at two or three thousand a year when they might be in the hardware business and drive a Cadillac. . . . De Kruif has brought much hard work to his task, and the thoroughness which made him, before he decided to chase fame on the back of the literary hare instead of the scientific turtle, a good bacteriologist.*" Dr. Zinsser's "Rats, Lice and History" was published last year.

Today

Dr. Mabel Ulrich reviews Paul de Kruif's new book, "Why Keep Them Alive?" on page 5 of this issue. "*This modern St. George,*" she writes, "*has tracked the dragon to its filthy lair, and found its name to be Poverty.*"

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Letters to the Editor: *Thoreau First Editions; Poetic Plays Wanted*

Editing Thoreau

SIR:—As a lifelong student of Thoreau and one who is not without experience in editing, especially of Thoreau texts and compilations, I wish to enter a polite but emphatic protest against the course pursued by Mr. Bartholow V. Crawford in his choice of texts for the "Henry David Thoreau" in the American Book Company's series of "American Writers." Mr. Crawford has furnished his compilation with a scholarly introduction and scholarly notes, and I have no particular fault to find with his choice of matter, though doubtless no two lovers of Thoreau would make precisely the same choice. But he has made what seems to me a real mistake in reprinting the texts of the first editions of the several selections, whether they appeared in books, periodicals, or newspapers. This results, of course, in the perpetuation of typographical errors, such as the spelling of Vallandigham's name with an extra *n*, and such mistakes in punctuation as "the Press is almost, without exception, corrupt," which obviously should have read, as it does in the later editions of the "Miscellanies," "the Press is, almost without exception, corrupt." These are small matters and they may seem to be trivial, but, after all, an author has a right to be judged by his corrected work rather than by first editions, which are almost sure to contain errors for which he is either in no way responsible or else responsible only in a minor degree. Little errors in spelling and punctuation distract and often delay the reader, and it is doing the author no service to perpetuate them.

First editions have a value for collectors, and photographic facsimiles of first editions often have a certain interest; there may even be cases when reprints of them *verbatim et litteratim* serve some good purpose; but for the general reader most people will agree that an author's work should be printed as he himself would wish it to appear. This Thoreau case is, of course, not an extreme one, and doubtless one could find more flagrant instances of this mistaken use of first editions, but it will do for a text for my little discourse, and it *is* a blemish on a good piece of work. In this case the choice was made deliberately and apparently with the notion that it added interest to the volume.

FRANCIS H. ALLEN.

West Roxbury, Mass.

The Federal Poetic Theatre

SIR:—I hope that you can find room in your columns to publish this appeal from a theatre to the poets—thereby reversing the usual order of petition from the poets to the enthroned stage:

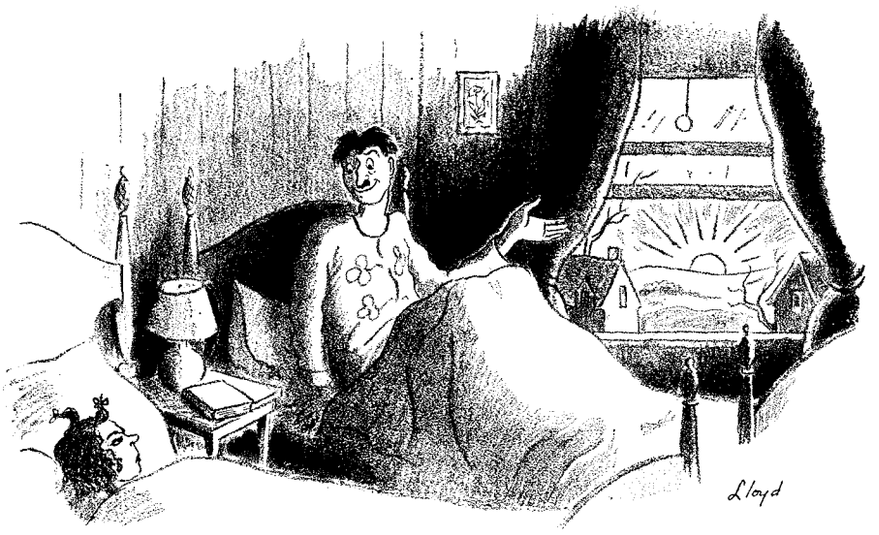
Under the wing of the Works Progress Administration, the Federal Theatre is getting ready to hatch out a Poetic Theatre. The first play, W. H. Auden's "Dance of Death," with music by Clair Leonard, is already in rehearsal. The benevolent patronage of Uncle Sam ought to assure the public that this latest attempt to create a theatre for the poet will not be stillborn.

We have drawn up no hidebound, or highfalutin' program for this theatre. Our only guides are that the poet's effort shall be dramatic in form, aware of modern life, and that it shall contribute something to it. However, we must confess a slight predilection for emotions couched in the vein of laughter.

Our appeal to the poets is that they send us scripts. Their interest is the primary assurance of the continued existence of the Federal Poetic Theatre.

ALFRED KREYMBORG,
Managing Director.

701 Eighth Avenue
New York City



"HERE, M'DEAR, COMES ANOTHER DAY IN THE LIFE OF MRS. ROOSEVELT."

Santayana's Characters

SIR:—A month ago "The Last Puritan" was being reviewed around every corner I turned. The reviews were intelligent. I am presumptuous to want to say more about it. Perhaps what I have to say has not been mentioned just because it is taken for granted.

I read it last November, thoughtfully. Including the Prologue and Epilogue, which I found too apologetic. The reviews have been too acquiescent about there being a minus quantity of blood in the characters' veins, perhaps because Mr. Santayana has convinced them that he was not therewith concerned; but no one has sufficiently remarked that they are undeniably alive with a vital fluid which pulses in their brains. Vanny has remarked the pictorial constitution of the book (last page, I think), but I feel privileged to expatiate on it.

I believe that both the Epilogue and the commentators have undervalued the actual descriptive reality of the book, perhaps because that reality, though forceful, is of the type called "poetic." That is not my argument here. I wish to stress that it is an achievement for a philosopher, and especially for a poet, to have portrayed a battle-ground of creeds in which his own is not the final strategy. Santayana's triumph as an artist here is even greater, because *no* philosophy wins in "The Last Puritan." It is like a Friend's Meeting, where everyone speaks and only silence comments.

Everyone speaks in so far as he is inspired, and it is notable that Santayana did not assume divinity for the purpose of inspiring them. The persons are inevitably individual, no puppets to the ballet pattern of a conviction, but rather the variegated, substantiated evidence of a phenomenon. No one is *endowed* with a philosophy, nor even with a position in relation to Oliver. (The Fräulein is an exception perhaps, but we could forgive her anything for her letters.) . . . Judging from Santayana's discussions elsewhere, I think he means that New England was in the end of the last century the opportune land for a certain perennial way of thought, but that now it no longer is.

EMILY NOSSER TOMPKINS.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

History of Copyright

SIR:—Mr. Winterich in your issue of November 9th quotes from Mr. Pollard's Introduction to the history of the copyright law in America ("Anglo-American First Editions 1826-1900," by I. R. Brussel, with an Introduction by Graham Pollard). Surely Mr. Pollard is mistaken, and Mr. Winterich in reprinting this mistake as though it were not one is aggravating the vexations of this copyright business? For is it not a fact that an American author has to have his work in the English language manufactured in the United States to obtain copyright in the United States? The American-citizen-author is on all fours with the non-citizen author. There is no copyright in the U. S. A. on Mr. Brussel's work nor on the Introduction by Mr. Pollard.

G. F. J. CUMBERLEGE.

London.

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Half-Breed Hero

THE SURROUNDED. By D'Arcy McNickle. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

THERE has been up to now, in the history of American letters, an amazing lot of writing about the American Indian, and mighty little literature. In the field of the novel, particularly, one is inclined to feel that this was necessarily so; the schools and limitations on the past prevented anything like an honest job upon a subject essentially sectional and fundamentally unpleasant. With the development of the American novel in the past twenty years, a number of white men have seen that the American Indian was a natural for them, and have done fairly good jobs, mainly concentrating their interest on the most picturesque, least complex situations of the "blanket Indians" in the Southwest, or turning their faces towards the past. The real job must be done, one has felt, by men of Indian blood who partook of the life they described as most good sectional writers do.

So far, two men of a degree of Indian blood have come forward to show, at least, a situation of great promise. Mathews of the Osages has established himself as a solid American writer. McNickle now, himself apparently part Flathead (his publishers are vague on the subject), adds "The Surrounded" to the small list of creditable modern novels using the first Americans as theme.

The writing is simple, clear, direct, devoid of affectations, and fast moving. The book is logically constructed around the person of a half-breed hero who in himself summarizes the conflicts of his dual background. Without making the reader feel that he is straining to get everything in, or that the story has been halted, the writer manages to touch in, impressionistically and effectively, the whole wide canvas from Washington to the old full-bloods, of the Indian scene.

D'ARCY McNICKLE

The modern Indian is, paradoxically, a very decent specimen of humanity, the possessor of a priceless and beautiful inheritance, a canker in our society, and a fine source of drunkards and prostitutes. One of the most interesting things about studying him is the manner in which the white race reveals itself in contact with him. His situation is that of a small group trying blindly to restore a shattered life in an enormous and thoroughly hostile world. Some solve their problem—or rather, avoid it—by silent inertia, some by blind, inactive hostility, some by pathetically trying to escape their origins, a good many by the anodyne of debauchery. Whatever happens, any place where Indians and whites are in contact is loaded with dramatic stuff for the writer, provided he's willing to face it.

Even though the tribe of which one writes be small, behind its immediate picture lies this larger scene. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of Mr. McNickle's book is his success in catching the whole in small compass, by the exercise of a thoroughly artistic selection, and writing of such sort that the reader is primarily interested in an excellent story as such, and only secondarily in the background, which he gets in proper balance.

Oliver La Farge is the author of "Laughing Boy," a novel of Indian life which won a Pulitzer Prize for fiction.

The Grim Nineties

THE LONG EXILE. By Eugene Löhrke. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1936. $2.

AS Mr. Löhrke's father won the Iron Cross in the Franco-Prussian war and became a naturalized American, when the son writes of a German-American business man of 1896, he is writing of a type he knows. This is not, certainly, to confuse the Anton Gerhard of the book with Mr. Löhrke's father. It is merely to exhibit the author's credentials for a study of the mind and nature of one still a stranger in a strange land.

The story opens when Anton has just made a killing in the grain market. Through his journey home, leaving his office early, we learn, by way of his memories, the history of his life. In love with order, hating his new environment, he is a tortured figure of a man, torn by such an inner conflict that even his sudden financial success turns to dust and ashes in his mind, as he thinks it over.

This is a study; hardly a novel, and it is rather too long and inconclusive; but Anton and his wife are saliently set before us, together with vivid description of their background and comment upon the dull conventional life of the time. The canvas is unrelievedly sombre, and the story stresses the essential loneliness of the human being. A good but indeterminate book.

HANS FALLADA

Heritage of Madness

ONCE WE HAD A CHILD. By Hans Fallada. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL NOCK

BLEAK, dangerous, brutal was Fiddichow, a peninsula on the island of Rügen; so, likewise, was Johannes Gäntschow, born on Warder Farm on Fiddichow. Powerful and ruthless as the Baltic, he went his way through life, wrecking lives with which he came in contact, but wrecking them almost as the sea wrecks lives, without intention, without desire. In the end, all was ruin about him.

For generations the Gäntschows had been strange, even in that strange land of strange people. Hannes Gäntschow's inheritance was almost monomania; his surroundings were savage: what could he be but a Gäntschow—elemental, not to be controlled, not to be comprehended? Uncouth, uncivilized, dirty, violent, he was essentially "low"—but he was interesting. Only when one considers how few authors have made "low" characters convincing, much less interesting, does one realize that Fallada has accomplished the unusual.

From the weird tales of horror about the older generations of Gäntschows, through the career that destroys all that is lovely, on to the solitary exit of Gäntschow, the book is exciting. No other character is as vivid as Gäntschow, but none could or should be. At the end one does not know whether to hate the brutal Hannes, or to wonder at the violence of blood harried by no mere Baltic hurricane.

Whether Hannes Gäntschow acted consciously, or whether he, like the waves, was moved by invisible but irresistible powers, his career cannot be forgotten at once. Once again in contemporary literature has a "low" character stepped into memorable life.

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Fastidious Little Gentleman

CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS GRAY. Edited by the late Paget Toynbee and Leonard Whibley. New York: Oxford University Press. 1935. 3 *vols.* $21.

Reviewed by W. Powell Jones

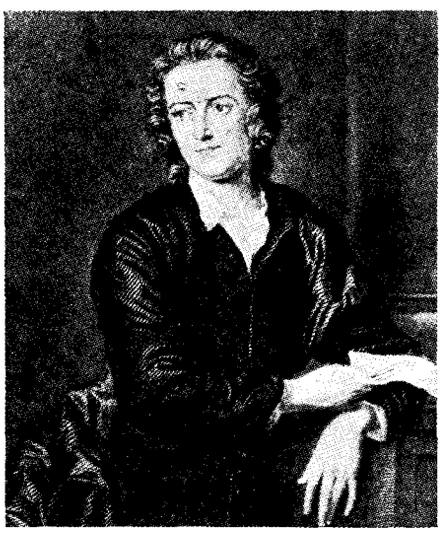
CRITICS have often busied themselves trying to explain Gray's slim output of poetry. Gray made himself famous overnight by the unwilling publication in 1751 of his "Churchyard Elegy" and was constantly defending himself afterward from the insistent questioning of his best friends. "You apprehend too much from my resolutions about writing," he wrote to Wharton in 1757, "they are only made to be broken, and after all it will be just as the maggot bites." The maggot of inspiration bit him seldom, dyspepsia and melancholy much more often. He tried to laugh it off, describing himself as "Grand Picker of Straws and Push-Pin-Player in ordinary to her Supinity," the Power of Laziness, or judging his collected poems to be so meagre as to "be mistaken for the works of a flea, or a pismire."

But he could not explain away the temperament that made him a student and amateur of letters, that made him think of himself as a "gentleman" instead of a professional writer. Poems he would write for himself and for his friends, despising the opinions of the undiscerning. Three months before the "Elegy" was published, he sent Wharton a copy of the verses that Walpole had allowed to circulate too freely in London: "I should have been glad that you and two or three more people had liked them, which would have satisfied my ambition on this head amply."

The world has been curious about a man like Gray who could be so famous by writing so little. It has found the answer chiefly in his letters, which have by their gradual accumulation thrown more light on the enigma of the fastidious little gentleman who could so neatly sum up a universal lament. William Mason published a number of the letters in 1775, only four years after Gray's death, in his biography of the poet. Even though he garbled the letters, Mason's idea of letting the man speak for himself was a good one, destined to have a great successor in Boswell's life of Johnson. The Reverend John Mitford added notably to the number of letters in his 1853 collected edition of Gray's work. The next editor, Edmund Gosse, was extremely careless and erroneous both in his edition of the works and in his life of Gray. The standard edition of the letters until now has been the three volumes of Duncan Tovey (1900-1912), a conscientious work which has done yeoman service to Gray scholars.

The new edition of Gray's correspondence has five hundred letters of Gray, one hundred thirty more than Tovey's, and eighty-six letters to Gray. The three volumes contain all the known correspondence of Gray, about three-fourths from the original texts, annotated to the satisfaction of the most exacting enthusiast. The scholarly apparatus is almost appalling at first sight—the frequent and copious footnotes explaining every person or allusion in detail, the compendious introduction, the chronological table of Gray's life in each volume, the twenty-six learned appendixes, and the seven genealogical tables. When one considers, on the other hand, the cloud of error that has hung over much of Gray scholarship in recent years, this orderly array of material becomes the most original contribution of the book.

The best key to Gray's life, and through him to the best thought of the eighteenth



THOMAS GRAY
From "Pictured Story of English Literature (Appleton-Century).

century, is to be found in his letters. Gray wrote easily and naturally, in most instances better than he could talk. He wrote to his friends scattered all over England, telling them about himself, about the books he was reading, about the latest gossip in town. For Wharton he composed his prose Georgics of the weather, crops, flowers, and birds. Occasionally he discussed business, insurance, the price of South Sea annuities on the stock market, or the purchase of a lottery ticket. In the letters one can trace his literary productions, the slow effort of composition, the history of the hurried printing of the "Elegy" to get ahead of a piratical editor, the gradual absorption of creative effort by scholarship after 1757.

Everything Gray did seems at least to be hinted in his letters—his attacks of illness and the attendant fits of depression, his triumphs and failures. But most of all they contain the story of his personal relations. His beautiful friendship with Richard West, cut short in 1742 by death, is recorded in their correspondence. The youthful letters to Walpole with their jubilant humor and their bantering intimacy tell more about the quarrel at Reggio than all the magnanimous confessions of Walpole.

The series of letters Gray wrote to Dr. Wharton (all bound in one manuscript in the British Museum) show more intimate feeling than do any others. Gray felt at home at Old Park, probably the only place where he was closely thrown with children:

> Has Miss Wh: served her time yet as a bride-made? I hope it may prove a good omen to her! Does Miss Peggy rival Claude Lorraine yet, and when does she go to York? Do Debo and Betty tend their chrysalises, and their samplers? Is Kee's mouth as pretty as ever? Does Robin read like a doctor, dance like a fairy, and bow like a courtier? Does Dicky kick up his heels, and study geography? Please to answer me as to all these particulars.

The other friends are in the letters: Mason eternally and obnoxiously present, James Brown with Gray constantly at Pembroke in Cambridge, Hurd and Stonehewer advancing in the world of ambition. The series of younger friends in the last ten years at Cambridge pay their tribute. The letters of a few good friends, like Dr. John Clerke and the Reverend Billy Robinson, may yet turn up to join the company.

To try to indicate the charm and variety of Gray's letters is to despair. Torn from their settings, the humor loses its freshness, the sentiments seem exaggerated, and the true picture of the man becomes distorted. For example, Gray tries to give his mother an idea of his travels across the Alps. Taken out of its context, the letter can be distorted into a thundering prophecy of the new romantic interest in nature. Only in his thumbnail sketches of books can one see the art of concise expression at its best—for example, in his description of Aristotle being like chopped logic, to read him being like perusing a table of contents, or in his famous definition of the ballad as beginning in the fifth act of the play, observing all the rules of Aristotle. If he had been forced to work like Johnson and Goldsmith, Gray might now be famous for criticism rather than for poetry.

The fare is rich, no matter where you turn in Gray's letters. It is varied and spicy and generous. This particular edition is attractive in format and well illustrated. It is indispensable to a student of Gray, and interesting to any one. I only hope that soon a moderately priced selection of the letters may be published, based on the sound scholarship of Toynbee and Whibley.

W. Powell Jones is a member of the English department of Western Reserve University.

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Living with Five Scientists

MEN OF SCIENCE. By J. G. Crowther. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by C. C. FURNAS

ONE always has the suspicion that these men of the past who were great scientists must also have been human beings, but one may read about such men for years and never find any material to verify such a suspicion. Now Mr. Crowther comes out with a splendid book which should prove to be a real highlight in the biographies of scientists because it gives more human material in a few hours' reading than one will be able to find in months of the ordinary kind of library research.

The book starts out with the thesis that "in one country and in one century there appeared five of the world's greatest scientific men because their ideas and discoveries have changed our whole world socially, politically, and economically. These men were Davy, Faraday, Joule, Thomson (Lord Kelvin), and Maxwell. Such a compact group is unique in the history of science."

These complimentary phrases would probably be questioned by some, but in the main, the idea undoubtedly is correct. The book takes these five men, gives the outline, not only of their scientific discoveries, but also of their lives. One gets a picture of how they lived, what kind of families they came from, how they thought, the kind of people they married, and also intimations of the domestic squabbles which of course they had just as well as anyone else. It is a book which any serious-minded reader will enjoy going through and studying in considerable detail. Those who are not scientifically minded, or who have had no scientific training whatever, may wish to skip some of the details of the work which made these men famous, but even they will not begrudge a certain amount of time spent upon the ramifications of the basic ideas of experimental science.

JOULE: "*A yeoman all his life.*"

As one finishes the book, one concludes that if all the discussion of the scientific aspect of these men's lives had been left out of the picture entirely, and if the whole work had been confined to discussions of these men as personalities and as Englishmen, it would have been a book of biography which would have been comparable in interest if not in brilliancy to Strachey's important work. A few side glances at the characterization will show the tone of the work.

Davy was a chemist. "In the laboratory he was slovenly. He corrected his notes by sticking his finger in the inkwell and blotting out the erroneous phrase." He was a precocious individual who developed rapidly, aged rapidly, and died early. He was brilliant and an opportunist. He was snobbish and he married a snobbish wife. His popular fame rested largely upon his popular demonstrations of the peculiar effects of nitrous oxide, or laughing gas. He was intensely devoted to the fashionable life but this did not prevent him from paying close attention to the laboratory.

Michael Faraday was just the opposite. He was the exact picture of the scientist which popular fancy dictates, with the exception that he was intensely narrow and perpetually religious. He was methodical, slow, and plugging. He did not do any work of consequence until after he was forty. He received only a meager schooling, bracketed between his fifth and thirteenth years. He came from a family which was so destitute that it received public relief while Michael was a small boy. He completely renounced social life of all kinds and even refused the presidency of the Royal Institution because he felt that such a position might smatter of a social life.

James Prescott Joule was one of the peculiar characters of science. He descended from a family of English yeomen and was a yeoman all his life. His immediate forebears were brewers. He was a man who put quantitative physics on a sound basis through his study of the mechanical equivalents of heat. But his work was not recognized by his contemporaries, largely because he lived in an environment of "cultural barbarity." Manchester, where he lived, was a place of "barbarous industrialism" and Joule died almost in poverty and without any particular recognition. This section is the least interesting of the book because there is less of the human material in it than in the others.

William Thomson (Lord Kelvin) "was one of the greatest persons of the nineteenth century." He was the son of an Ulster farmer, the family being of no particular distinction. The father improved his opportunities and became professor of mathematics in the Royal Academical Institute at Belfast. Young William was precocious and never went to a secondary school. He began his university education at an early age, presumably his acquisition of knowledge having been through early tutoring at home. In later life he became pompous and acquired considerable wealth through his industrial connections. One gathers that he was a rather disagreeable individual with his underlings—one very much aware of his own importance. He was very much a believer in the capitalistic system of the nineteenth century, and distinctly a reactionary. Perhaps that explains his knighthood. He desired wealth and got it. He was a great scientist but perhaps a very narrow and bigoted individual from the sociological point of view.

THOMSON. "*Distinctly a reactionary.*"

James Clerk Maxwell was the only one of this group of scientists who came from a family of any distinction. It seems that one has to go back to Shakespeare to find an imagination which parallels his. Like Davy, he was a versifier, and probably would have been a big man in letters had he not been a scientist. He was deeply religious and had a wife who was fanatically so. He was precocious and at the age of three was always asking, "What's the go o' that?" He spent all his life determining what was the "go" of things. He was a theoretical physicist and made profound changes in scientific and philosophical thought.

All five of these men married, but only one (Joule) had children. These facts confirm the suggestion that scientific genius is often associated with peculiarities of sexual physiology and psychology. They were all "peculiar" individuals in some way or another, and hence very interesting as men. This story of their lives will help to dispel any of the popular illusions about the mythical qualities of scientists. Faraday, at an early age, approached Davy, asking to serve as a laboratory assistant so that he might enter the field of science and escape from trade, for he imagined that the pursuit of science made men "amiable and liberal." Davy accepted Faraday as an assistant, but "smiled at his notion concerning the superior moral sense of philosophic men, saying he would leave the experience of a few years to set him right on that matter." Faraday soon came in for his disillusionment in the matter of the superior personal qualities of scientists and their associates. This book will also serve to disillusion many a reader on this score. But, after all, we would probably prefer to have our scientists as human beings like the other people whom we know, rather than as little gods.

C. C. Furnas is a member of the department of chemical engineering of Yale University and author of "The Next Hundred Years: The Unfinished Business of Science," a recent Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Notes on the Road

Car Acropolis, *en route Boston to Buffalo.*

THE day I left New York (Feb. 29) there were definite signs of spring. A hurdygurdy on 45th Street; a barrow of pussywillows on 44th Street; and a regiment of cops stationed in 43rd Street awaiting some anticipated jamboree around the corner.

But Boston's unmistakable *fruehlingserwachen* hadn't come yet. I mean the first appearance of the catnip-man on Fakirs' Row, along the railings of the old burial ground on Tremont Street. Kindhearted Bostonians always give the first thought of spring to the family cat. New England cats ejaculate so many sparks during the long electric winter that their vitality is depleted; and has to be recharged with that magic herb.—The only other restorative for a jaded cat, I have noticed, is an experienced pair of socks.

Going up in the Yankee Clipper I was lucky enough to encounter Robert Frost, on his way to Boston to give the Norton lectures on poetry. I spoke of the recent editorial in the New York *Times* which quoted his poem about F. D. R. and politics, and asked him where the verses had first appeared. In the *Saturday Review* he said. This stupidity of mine made me forget to ask if he had yet taken the Teachers' Oath required of anyone in Massachusetts who engages in official public instruction.

My own experience with that Oath is worth record. (A hearing is being held at the State House in Boston at the very time I write this, which will lead, I hope, toward a cancellation of this curious law.) I was to speak in a series of talks given under the auspices of the State's department of education. A few weeks before the date I received official blanks and a notice that before mounting the platform I must subscribe my adhesion to both Constitutions: that of the U. S. and also that of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. I asked the lecture agent who had arranged the engagement to write to the Massachusetts authorities explaining that I was not familiar with the constitution of that commonwealth, and before swearing allegiance to it I'd like to read it. They replied that there were no copies of the constitution available at that time.

I mentioned this jocularly in a talk out at Newton, and it got into the papers, which caused some agitation in official bosoms. A copy of the constitution was hastily sent round to me at the Paakeh House so I did have a chance to read it before signing.—To read some of it, I should say, for it is exactly four times as long as the federal constitution. The commonwealth, with that superb instinct of rationality and intellectual decussation characteristic of the Bay State, deals with "the frame of government" more in detail; even beginning by confirming the legality of the Supreme Being. (Where was it in Paris that I once discovered a little mossgrown monument saying something like this: "On this spot, on the 10th Thermidor, the year 2, so and so established the validity of the Supreme Being." It was an exaggeration, for Massachusetts had already done so in 1780.)

But anyhow, the Massachusetts Constitution is a fine document, well worth study; after reading some of it I was happy enough to subscribe; and particularly I was pleased by Chapter V, Section II, which is called *The Encouragement of Literature, etc.* That *etc.* is a trifle enigmatic at first, but examination shows that it refers to some admirable qualities of mind and heart. Is it not surprising, from that supposedly austere commonwealth, to hear official constitutional support of "good humor and all social affections"?

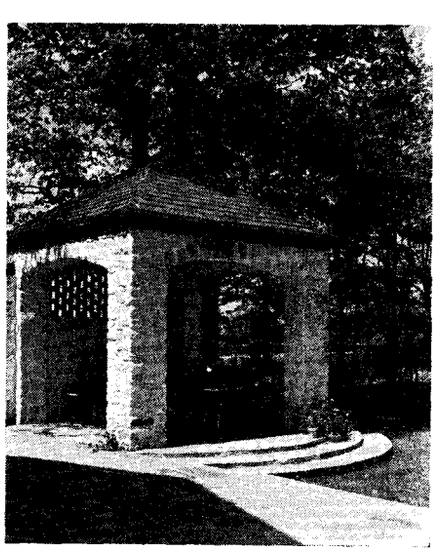
Some young kinsmen were sailing from Boston to return to England, so they were eager, in their last evening, to enjoy as many of the native pleasures as possible. So we had oyster stew, and baked beans, and brown bread, and even brown bread ice cream which was new to me. The always admirable cuisine of the Parker House even extended to Philadelphia scrapple at breakfast. From the point of view of the arts the big moment was seeing Charlie Chaplin's new picture *(Modern Times)* in which, even while wiping away tears of unaccustomed mirth, one realizes strong social commentary. I was interested to hear someone say that the Chaplin picture had been debarred from Germany—on account of the mustache, I suppose—which seems the most savage comment I have yet heard on the woes of that country. For when a nation loses its sense of humor it is wretched indeed.

I did not sleep well after seeing the Chaplin picture; perhaps on account of a party of strayed revellers down the hall, or perhaps because my mind seemed to go jittering round the endless belt of mechanical piece-work just as Charlie does in the film. I wondered how many of his audiences would see how his comic pathos runs like quicksilver into the crevices of our social set-up. It really, for a few blessed minutes, unstuffs the shirt and blows away all sorts of gargle and goof. With laughter which is more efficient than machine guns it makes all sorts of biggity bombast sound silly. It's only afterward, in the return of our customary stupidity (which comes sweeping up like the tide of King Canute) that we think we must find philosophical explanations for having enjoyed anything so much; or socialized significance to prove that it wasn't mere comedy.—Is there anything greater than "mere comedy"?

And how we have all labored to acquire our arduously trained stupidity.

As one does in the middle of an unslept night I got into quite a morbid state; wondered if I was going to die of loss of sleep; angrily supposed that my publisher friend Colatine in the next room was snorting his fill; even almost hoped I would die just to get even with him; it would be such a nuisance to him to come in and find me in the last rigor. But of course I went off eventually, as one always does; and waked in the morning finding myself saying—I don't know why—"There's nothing difficult or sacrosanct about literature: it's only things that people have thought."

These notes are written in the train; there is nothing I dislike so much, so I shall be brief. Of literature during this week's journey I can report my chief enjoyment was a little essay by Michael Sadleir called *Authors and Publishers: A Study in Mutual Esteem* (Oxford Press, 75 cents). This was one of the memorial lectures given annually since 1931 in honor of the late J. M. Dent—whose greatest memorial of all is the Everyman Library. Both Colatine and I got good pleasure out of this little book and found in it much for discussion—for instance Mr. Sadleir's remark that "today literary



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criticism is virtually without effect on the general reading public."

Next after that, at Liggett's counter in the North Station I found (for 10 cents) a paper-bound copy of Deneys Reitz's *Commando* which I had always meant to read; a book about the Boer War. It is just as good as I had always been told. Indeed I found another copy at the South Station also, which I gave to my adventurous friend Jack Glenn whom I met on his way back from taking newsreel pictures of the Gloucester fishermen at sea. The Boer War was the first war of which I really got an actual notion, because when I was twelve years old I met an interesting Canadian up at Brome Lake. We used to go bathing together and I couldn't help noticing the scars where a bullet had passed clean through his body. That happened, he told me, at Spion Kop. Reitz's book gives as clear a notion of warfare as one is likely to find; much clearer than books about more complicated wars; and there is a lot of text between the lines.

By the way, a pleasant instance of Boston's rationality is a shop numbered *Zero* Park Street. The names of trains at the North Station are a delight: *Red Wing, Aloutte, Minute Man, The Flying Yankee* (a streamlined train) and *The Gull* (from Halifax and St. John). I had been thinking a good deal about locomotives, and concluded that their secret is they utilize the Dynamics of Anger. They take two things hostile—or at least instinctively suspicious—of each other, fire and water. And by utilizing the energy latent in that hostility they have changed the world. Is there some way of using the dynamics of anger in the social or economic field—of turning it to peaceable efficiencies? Chaplin has utilized it for comedy, and has probably given more innocent pleasure than any other living person. Can we not find, or invent, a few really great comedians in the world of politics and finance? I guess the word "comedians" is ill chosen—I really mean philanthropologists.

Interested to notice, by the way, that all the latest publicity pictures released in favor of Governor Landon show him reading a book. In some obscure way the publicity fellows feel that voters like to see people reading books.

But we're just pulling into Buffalo—

"And Short"

Civilization has its annoyances, but when we find ourself a bit rattled by its various pressures we like to recall a grand passage in Hobbes's *Leviathan*. It is in his fine chapter (number 13) on the wretchedness of mankind in a state of nature.

"In such condition," says Hobbes, "there is no place for industry, no culture of the earth, no navigation nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea, no commodious building, no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force, no knowledge of the face of the earth; no account of time, no arts, no letters, no society, and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

The conclusion of that powerful sentence is one of our favorite examples of well contrived rhetorical climax. It often comes unexpectedly to mind and is excellent for mumbling to one's self as one goes about his doings. "Solitary, poor, nasty, brutish," (then pause to get the stunning effect where his sentence smacks like a snowball on a wall) "*and short.*"

I was about to say, I couldn't remember what started me thinking about Herrick; but I do remember, perfectly. It was saying something about Tiffany's store; the name Tiffany always reminds me of Herrick who used the word occasionally in his verses, as meaning transparent or gauzy raiment ("theophanies") which the genial parson much approved, especially in nightgowns. See the little poem *To Anthea Lying in Bed*—

"Orecome, or half betrayed by
Tiffanies."

When this Review printed (February 8) Llewelyn Powys's pleasing piece about Herrick, I remembered that I always intended to write a verse about his spaniel "Tracy." The idea offers very suave overtones; I shall very likely attempt it anyhow, some day, for my own amusement. But it's quite a while since the Green has suggested competition of any sort. Who will send the best brief poem on the subject? I'll be glad to print those that seem most gracefully Dean Priorish in flavor.

A Casual Anthology

"To JO DAVIDSON, whose hospitality and encouragement delayed the completion of this play three months."—Dedication of the script of *Boy Meets Girl,* by Bella and Samuel Spewack (Random House).

A copy of Anne Kimball Tuell's article on Horace in *The Commonweal* (Jan. 17) "It is comfortable every 2000 years to remember that the style of Horace was once called *edax,* bold." Surely *edax* doesn't mean bold?

And here comes a note from Professor Willard H. Bonner of the University of Buffalo, who specially pleases us by linking Miss Mitford with our old De Quincey. Professor Bonner says "Of course, I cannot be sure of the exact night, *your* night, that is; but about the time you settled down to either *Country Stories* or *Our Village,* I was reading Miss Mitford's letters to De Quincey's daughters and to other mutual friends. They yielded me a nubbin or two to be quoted in a monograph now making headway on the press containing 130 new and newly edited letters of Thomas De Quincey and his three daughters. When *De Quincey at Work* is dry enough to mail I shall mark a page (or two) and despatch it for evidence."

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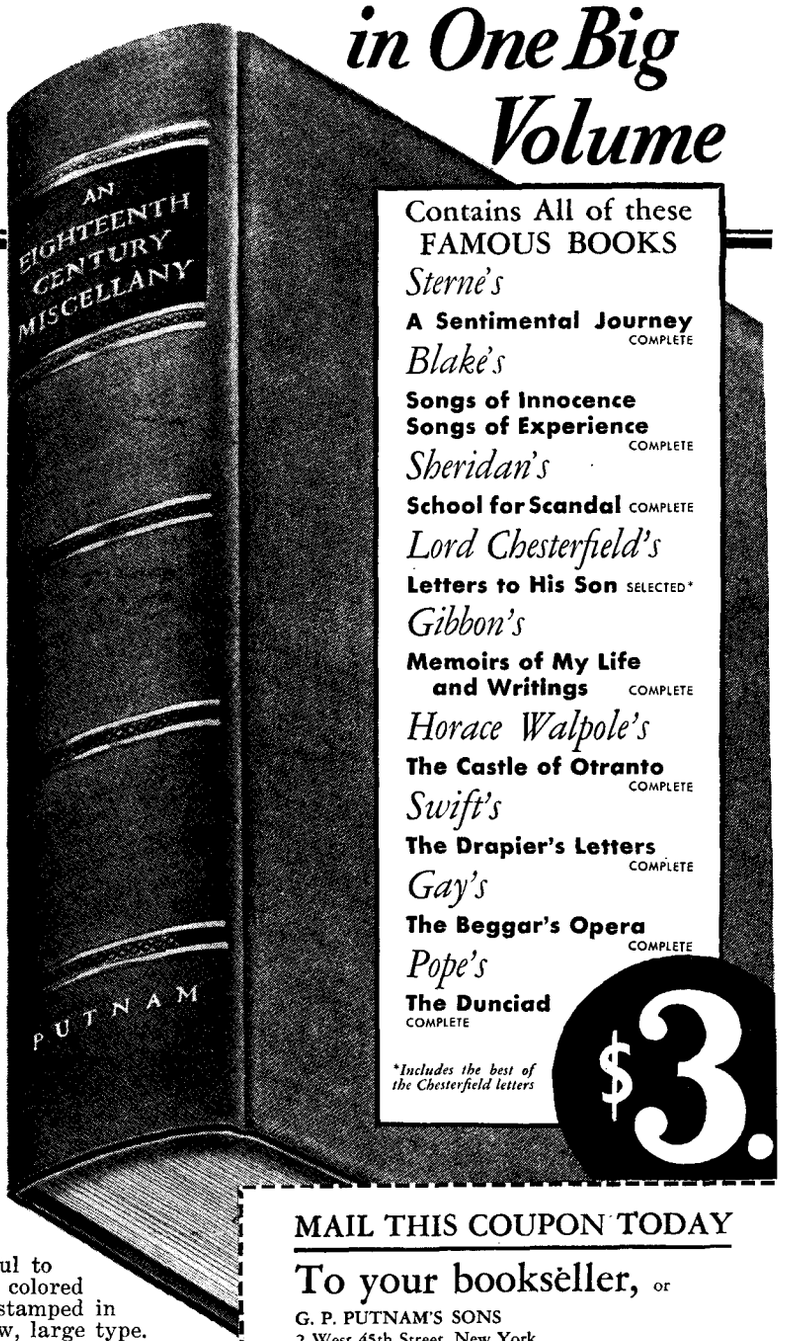

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Smoke from a Short Circuit

THE PHENOMENA OF LIFE. A Radio-Electric Interpretation. By George Crile. New York: W. W. Norton and Co. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

ABOUT the year 1790, Luigi Galvani, of Bologna, discovered the startling fact that frogs' legs, to which a stump of the sciatic nerve was still attached, could be made to contract convulsively by bringing them near a static electric machine. More surprising yet, if hung by copper hooks from the iron railings of the balcony, the apparently dead muscles contracted during an electric storm. Galvani's greatest achievement consisted of showing that contraction could be induced regularly and repeatedly by touching the nerve and muscle with a wish-bone made by twisting pieces of two dissimilar metals together. From these experiments Galvani concluded that animals have an electricity peculiar to themselves (Animal Electricity) which emanated from nerves and muscles. This conclusion was challenged by Alessandro Volta, of Pavia, who admitted the role of electricity in the revitalization of the frogs' legs, but who contended that the electricity came from the static machine, the iron railing, or the contact of dissimilar metals, as the case might be. Galvani and Volta fell into a heated argument that spread far and wide; to quote one commentator, the storm which these experiments aroused among physicists, physiologists, and physicians could only be compared "to the storm which at the same time arose on the political horizon of Europe. Wherever there were frogs, and wherever two dissimilar metals could be fastened together, people saw with their own eyes the marvellous revival of dead limbs; physiologists thought they grasped in their hands their dream of a vital force; physicians thought no cure impossible; and even corpses were galvanized, to prevent premature burial."

Both Volta and Galvani were right. When two dissimilar metals touch each other a minute electric current flows between them, and out of Volta's contribution to the argument came the voltaic pile, the battery, the dynamo and motor, and whatever electrical you may have in your city. Out of Galvani's contribution to the argument has come our knowledge of the irritability of living tissues, of the physical-chemistry of muscular contraction, of the conduction of the nerve impulse, and much more that is equally important to physiology and philosophy.

Because Volta was right Galvani was also right. It is only a step from the differences in electromotive force between two metals, a metal and a salt solution, or between two salt solutions, to the electromotive forces that exist across living tissues, whose cells are composed of dissimilar salt solutions isolated from each other by membranes of variable semipermeability. There is essentially no more mystery or significance to the potential differences so extensively used by investigators working in neuro or muscular physiology than there is to the potential differences across a voltaic pile, with which many a boy of twelve is thoroughly familiar.

Dr. George Crile is in many respects a naive but modernized Galvani. Galvani ("De viribus electricitatis in motu musculari, commentarius," 1791) believed that:

a) Animals have an electricity peculiar to themselves.

b) This electricity is secreted by the brain.

c) It is distributed by the nerves, which are specialized for conducting it by having an oily layer which prevents its dispersal.

d) The muscles act as receivers, being negative on the outside and positive on the inside, and muscular motion consists of a discharge from the inside to the outside.

Dr. Crile ("The Phenomena of Life," 1936) believes that:

a) The living cell is an electric battery (bipolar mechanism), the nucleus being the positive element, the cytoplasm the negative element. The maintenance of this electrical potential between the nucleus and cytoplasm furnishes the driving energy of the living process itself.

b) The nervous system presents a complete picture of an electrical mechanism with central batteries and connecting wires, in which the synapses intervene as make- and break-mechanisms or keys.

c) The cells of the brain are the principal source of the electric energy that coördinates the body.

d) The conscious state is maintained by short wave radiation which in turn sets up a high electrical potential in the brain.

Let it be said at the outset, and with emphasis, that Dr. Crile is unique. He is not speaking for any other scientist. On the contrary, statement after statement is made in his book for which no authority can be found in any recognized text. By his own words he has thrown overboard as inadequate the rationale and experimentation of the classical sciences, and gone after the Phenomena of Life in his own way.

But do not let it be implied that he is an unappreciated prophet among his blind and deaf classicist colleagues. He is a surgeon. He is a surgeon who has won by his surgical knowledge and dexterity a preëminent position in his field, at least three honorary degrees, and any number of medals and honorary memberships from surgical societies all over the world. But he has always had a penchant for speculation and he lets his speculative tendencies run away with him in matters about which he reveals no critical capacity and gives no evidence of the disciplines of elementary training. It is enough for him to throw together half a dozen garbled facts from as many assorted sciences to compound a comprehensive theory; then having performed a questionable experiment, to conclude

(*Continued on page* 18)

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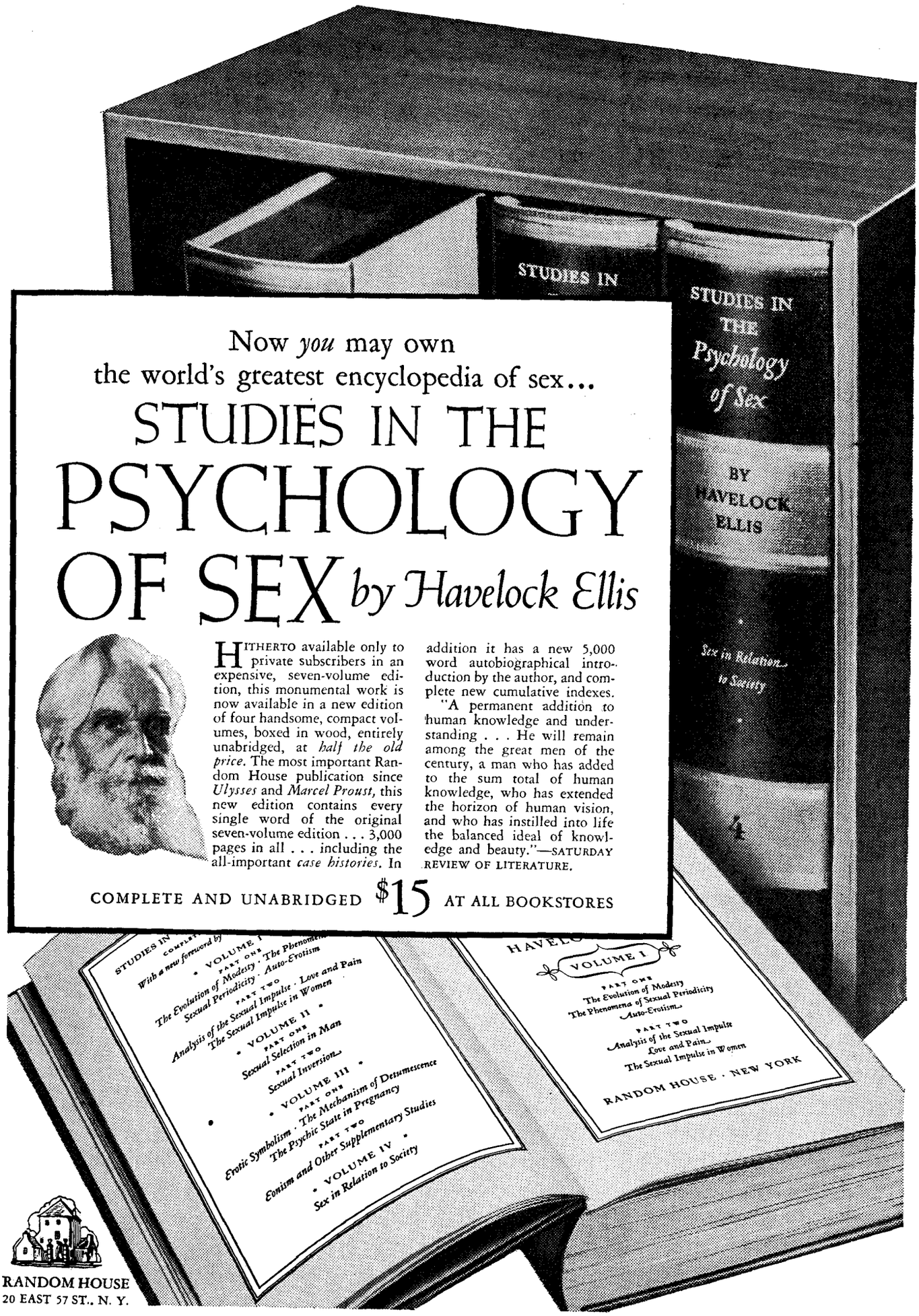

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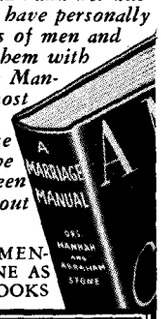

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Government and Industrial Control

THE RAINBOW. By Donald R. Richberg. Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM JAY HOFF

MR. RICHBERG'S work is a brief untechnical survey of some of the problems of political-economic control in this country. The NRA is the central theme. The book ought to furnish interesting reading to anyone concerned with the subject. Unless one is a confirmed devotee of a strictly laissez-faire policy, it should not be very difficult to accept the extent to which the author assumes that natural forces cannot be allowed free play.

Mr. Richberg strongly argues that "the tendency of the law of a democratic government must always be to preserve or to reëstablish balances of economic power." He believes primarily in coöperation among business men, rather than in regulation by governmental fiat.

By the same token he severely criticizes the National Labor Board and its successor, The National Labor Relations Board, for attempting to decide great issues and to make declarations of principles. In Industrial Relations, the author feels the participation of government should be largely limited to conciliation and to the protection of "the right of workers freely to associate together and to bargain collectively for the terms of their employment." In general the argument is that the parties themselves should be primarily responsible for working out principles and rules and that these criteria should not be imposed by legislators or courts, except as they become crystallized and accepted. It is an appeal to go slowly and to allow the law to follow established practices, just as the common law has for centuries.

Mr. Richberg devotes considerable space to a discussion of the forces which led to the downfall of the National Recovery Administration. At times consciously and at times unconsciously he seeks to justify or at least to explain some of the mistakes of the Administration. He submits that one of the chief causes of the break-up was yielding to the pressures which drove the Government into exercising force and into deciding issues, instead of putting greater emphasis on furthering coöperation among those affected. "But the future," he continues, "depends primarily on the extent to which obligations will be voluntarily assumed. Self-discipline can accomplish reforms utterly beyond the power of political compulsion." His declarations that too much was attempted by the NRA will find ready acceptance.

The Supreme Court decision is discussed and on the basis thereof Mr. Richberg outlines the provisions of an *Enabling Act* to furnish the legal basis for a program to reconstruct our economic system clearly within the framework of the Federal Constitution—without amendment. His keynote would be cooperation between business men. He would limit judicial enforcement to those provisions "eliminating practices which are clearly established as evil in their effects" and which are agreed upon by ninety percent of those engaged in the business concerned. "The present negative policy of forbidding any coöperative action that may restrict competition should be flatly reversed in favor of a positive policy, recognizing that coöperation is the natural and effective method of checking the destructive force of unbridled competition." This reflects what many believe to be true, that the greatest lasting benefit of the NRA was its stimulus to coöperation.

From two years of association with the National Recovery Administration I can state that the experience of many of those who took part in that Administration was such as to make them feel that before any great steps towards lasting progress can be taken, further strides must first be made in the organization of owners, managers, workers, and consumers. When such organization has taken place government can more easily use its powers to keep any of the conflicting forces from becoming preëminent. With such a balance of powers, government might be able to play a more successful part in molding our economic life to the needs of all our people. Whether the "next step" should be that proposed in "The Rainbow" or should embody more direct governmental participation is a question that will be much debated.

William Jay Hoff was an assistant counsel of the NRA assigned as counsel to the Industrial Appeal Board.

Smoke from a Short Circuit

(*Continued from page* 16)

that his theory is confirmed and therewith launch himself further into chaos on the skids of another theory. Dr. Crile says, "Since all matter is electrical in nature, and since in the final analysis all energy is radiant and electrical energy, we conceived that protoplasm must be generated and operated by radiant and electrical energy." So far so good, but it is another matter to assume that, "In accordance with this conception, protoplasm would be a system of generators, conductance lines, insulators and infinite numbers of infinitely thin films for holding electric charges." And it is still quite another matter to attempt to analyze the complex problems of pathology, physiology, endocrinology, and psychology by measuring potential differences between one organ and another. It would be more sensible to analyze banking, economics, and politics by measuring the potential differences between gold and silver metal, between hogs and potatoes.

Neuro-physiology is Dr. Crile's favorite speculative field; it is significant that he does not on a single occasion refer to the investigations of men eminent in this field—Adrian, Bishop, Bronck, Gasser, Gerard, Davis, Erlanger, Fenn, Forbes, Fulton, LaPicque, Sherrington, and numerous others. His book is a not uncommon phenomenon of life, a short-circuit producing smoke and chaos. It must be said that he is perfectly sincere. He really believes what he writes.

Homer W. Smith is professor of physiology at the New York University College of Medicine.

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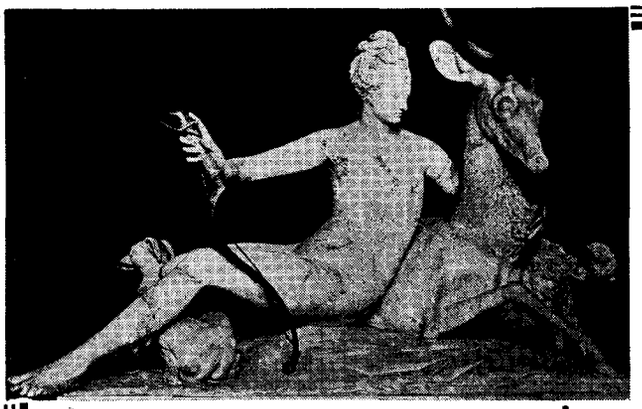

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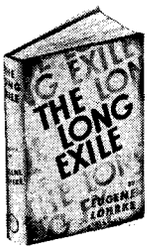

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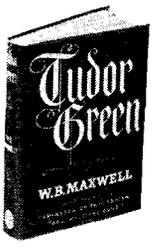

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THE ARYAN PATH
Vol. 7 MARCH, 1936 No. 3

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What Price Philanthropy?

WEALTH AND CULTURE. By Eduard C. Lindeman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. BEARD

"OVER a decade ago the late Herbert Croly suggested" to Mr. Lindeman "that it might prove valuable to undertake an analysis of that aspect of American economy which prompts persons of wealth to vest their surplus in the form of foundations or trusts." For eight years Mr. Lindeman has carried on "a persistent inquiry" and has now published "an initial report." He states in his introduction: "My first surprise was to discover that those who managed foundations and trusts did not wish to have these instruments investigated." But he qualifies this generalization in his "acknowledgments" by referring to the coöperation of a small number of foundation officials "who regarded their position as a public function" and really made possible the conduct of his inquiry.

Mr. Lindeman classifies foundations into three types: (a) those created and financed by a single donor; (b) those created by the legal act of a single donor, and (c) those established by legal act of a group of donors. How many foundations exist in the United States? The exact number is unknown, but there are about 371 foundations, trusts, and community chests listed. Concerning 202 foundations Mr. Lindeman could secure no information. And he limits his study to 100 foundations and community trusts and their operations during the decade 1921-1930.

He opens with "cultural considerations." To material instruments of production and their use he applies the term "civilization." The manner of using the civilizing instruments and the ends for which they are employed he believes to be determined by a process which may be called "culture." When science and invention and application—civilization—outstrip the development of culture there is a cultural lag which results in tension and crisis. The crucial question then is one of values—the use and ends of the material processes of civilization. Our acquisitive individualism has produced great progress in the creation of wealth and at the same time brought about a great concentration of wealth in the hands of relatively few owners.

A large part of this "surplus" wealth has gone into foundations and Mr. Lindeman discusses in his second chapter the foundation as a "symbol" of surplus wealth. Then he inquires into the disbursements of the foundations under his review. Of the ten year outlay, 76.2% went for education and health, and 14.4% for social welfare. The rest consists of relatively minor items. In the outlays there are time "trends." Expenditures for education moved generally upward from 1925 to 1930. Health outlays moved downward after 1928. Social welfare outlays moved downward after 1928 and then upward. But the health trend is partly explained by the completion of some programs for medical education.

After surveying recent bequests, scrutinizing the literature dealing with foundations, and presenting a table of the foundations and trusts covered by his study, Mr. Lindeman draws certain conclusions under the head of "steps toward a cultural index." He divides the possible activities of foundations into two categories. One includes individual philanthropy, conventional relief, and conventional education and fact finding. This category represents activities tending to conserve the existing sense of cultural values and to minimize the evils of existing society. In the other category are embraced activities designed to bring into existence, or test new conceptions of, cultural value: the creative arts "always on the growing edge of things"; experimental learning with a view to future living; cultural and racial interaction; international action supplementing existing projects; application of scientific disciplines to human affairs; freedom and justice; social and economic planning involving a departure from laissez faire; and social legislation designed to enhance individual security through government sanctions. In sum and substance, this seems to be suggesting to foundations that they throw their weight on the side of creating a better society instead of fostering individual philanthropy, conventional relief, and conventional education.

Nowhere in his volume does Mr. Lindeman take the position that foundations represent a deliberate design on the part of the guardians of wealth to influence culture in one direction. He merely holds, on the basis of his evidence, that they represent "a consistently conservative element in our civilization" and operate more or less subtly in "protecting the value system in existence." As a whole this volume is a prime document for the history of American theory and practice and its outcome will doubtless be a more thoughtful, reasoned, and penetrating inquiry into the role of foundations in American civilization.

It may not be amiss to set down here a few of the considerations that will enter into that wider inquiry.

There is first the light of historical experience with great foundations. Mr. Lindeman suggests that "the notion itself seems to have first occurred to the Middle Romans," but he passes lightly over history. It seems safe to conclude from historical experience that the fate of American foundations is bound up with the fate of American society, and any forecast of their future includes a forecast of the whole social order in which they have flowered. History as actuality is merciless to man's works and only the strong can endure history.

In the second place, if foundations should deliberately endeavor to "save American society," they would encounter almost insuperable problems of grand statecraft and forecast, and would run full tilt into powerful interests of one kind or another. The way of the founda-

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tion trustee is hard and his path is dark. If a foundation throws its weight on the side of public or collective interest, in an effort to overcome some of the maladjustments of acquisitive individualism, its trustees will be brought under the fire of private interests adversely affected.

This generalization may be illustrated by the case of Dr. John A. Kingsbury who was "released" by the trustees of the Milbank Memorial Fund after directing his attention and energies to public health and social medicine, as distinguished from the medical education of private practitioners. A glimpse behind the scenes in this foundation maneuver is provided by Dr. Kingsbury's opponents, who are certainly not biased in his favor. It is contained in the *Detroit Medical News*, of April 29, 1935, (p. 10), and needs only the amplification that at least one of the Milbank trustees is interested in the Borden Milk Company and that the Fund holds investments in this concern. The private interest view, expressed by practitioners, runs as follows:

> The Milbank Memorial Fund has announced the termination of the services of John A. Kingsbury and others with this brief explanation: "Differences of opinion as to policies." The Fund clearly indicates a new understanding of the individual medical practitioner's social and economic problems. Mr. Kingsbury *was* the genius guiding the activities that seemed to have as their objective the socialization of medicine. Mr. Louis J. Auerbacher of New York City, President of the Dryco Company and Director of Medical Relations of The Borden Company, was most influential in accomplishing this result, and is to be congratulated for his service to the public and the profession.

A third difficulty of foundations grows out of the crisis in western thought, which is real, though little recognized and acknowledged. This crisis lies in the discovery that science, facts, and the scientific method do not, and in the nature of things, cannot provide inescapable and irrefutable policies. No scientific finding of fact dictates any policy of action respecting the facts. The possibilities of carrying out policies, and ways and means of executing them, may be more or less successfully disclosed by science. But policies themselves are moral decisions—the assertions of moral values (one way or another)—and the roots of moral decisions lie deep in the human spirit. When the scope of policies is large, they are highly hazardous, and whoever makes them incurs risks of defeat, scorn, and destruction. The scientific assurance that marked American education, research, economics, and social inquiry thirty years ago has been dissolved. Foundations can no longer rely upon it to provide undebatable issues to be financed. Like all men having heavy responsibilities trustees are cautious, if not timid, and the courage of grand policy does not spring from caution. Only irresponsible individuals can afford to take the risk of formulating great policies—the risk of defeat and degradation, as well as of victory. Hence it seems reasonable to assume that the objectives of most foundations will remain chiefly conventional—socially dangerous as the conventional passes—but safe for the moment.

He heard the hunter's horn

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN the last issue of this department I did not have space to complete my remarks upon the books of poetry from private presses. I shall do so now. I wish to make a note of the fact that Hawthorn House of Windham, Connecticut, sponsors *Brandan Gill's* "Death in April," a book which consists chiefly of sonnets that somehow slide off the mind.

More vivid is the little brochure of *Katharine Kennedy's* verse in "Poems," from the Terminal Press of Washington, D. C. More exotically modern than all, and incidentally involving better book-making and better writing, is a regular roc's egg from the Cassowary Press of New York City, "Sea Pieces and Other Poems" by *Forrest Anderson.* The capitals are my own. There are no capital letters connected with the book at all! By this time I've read a good deal of that sort of thing and it doesn't impress me tremendously. Of course there's a poem in it "for hart crane."

So you see how busy the small presses have been! The above is only to mention a few of the books of poems that emerge steadily from this semi-private source. There are several thin volumes from Basil Blackwell in Oxford, also, but none seems really worth singling out for mention.

By this time you will probably be rather annoyed at me for not having mentioned a few books I think are really good. Still, I cannot recommend the new *Nathalia Crane* volume, "Swear by the Night" (Random House), as one of her best. And though "The Hermaphrodite" by *Samuel Loveman* (Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho) is introduced with a flourish by *Benjamin De Casseres,* (even *Sir Edmund Gosse* has called the title poem vivid and accomplished, and this poet has received plenty of encomia elsewhere,) I consider Mr. Loveman merely a pleasing poet and no more. By contrast, get *Robert Fitzgerald's* poems in Arrow Editions. I shall devote more space to him later. He is a newcomer worthy of close attention. The Black Cat Press of Chicago (Addresses: 4940 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago, and 581 Snediker Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.), which published *Frank Marshall Davis's* "Black Man's Verse," now gives us a book of poems by my old English friend, *A. Hugh Fisher,* the famous etcher, called "Jemshyd in Exile," and also *Boris Todrin's* "The Room by the River," the latter a young writer in whose work the late *Edwin Arlington Robinson* was deeply and sincerely interested. I'll have more to say of Todrin too. Meanwhile, remember the publications of the Black Cat Press! They have someone there of unusual discriminatory powers.

A good book of free ballads, a book you will enjoy for its stories and its swinging rhythm, is *Derrick Norman Lehmer's* "Fightery Dick, and other poems" (The Macmillan Company). Strangely enough Dr. Lehmer is a member of the Department of Mathematics in the University of California, and these ballads are but an avocation. Nevertheless, he has produced a book I have much enjoyed.

Grace Buchanan Sherwood has published her own poems, "Winter Bird Song," at 113 Sixth Street, Garden City, Long Island, and it is just about what you would expect. *Jamie Sexton Holme,* author of "I Have Been a Pilgrim" (New York: Henry Harrison) turns out to be Mrs. Peter H. Holme of Denver, Colorado, who was recently given an honorary M.A. by the University of Colorado, and who has inspired a long letter to me from a Denver correspondent. Mrs. Holme has certain merits, though they do not seem excessive. Another Henry Harrison publication, rather better than his average, is *Florence Ripley Mastin's* "Cables of Cobweb."

I have been criticized for devoting space to so many most minor poets. And yet it seems to me the only fair way that I can operate. As it is, I discard a certain percentage of the books that come in as not worthy of any mention at all. And I'd rather be over-conscientious with books that appear to be nullities and yet may hide a gem, than be so scornful that I'd be bound to overlook anything that wasn't put out by a leading publisher. That may sound smug, but I honestly try to play fair by all the orphan books that drift in. They can find asylum on my shelves, even if they don't always find mention!

But, Good Lord, I do get tired of the "Hearts and Flowers" motif of many housewifely poets who were cut out to be housewives and not poets and cherish extremely vague ecstasies in their souls. I honestly think—and hope to heaven they don't take my advice!—that if they went off and committed one good ripsnorting scarlet sin it would do more to tone up their systems than the tons of treacle through which they mew about their souls. That certainly is a garbled line, but you may get the sense of it!

It isn't that I'm unsympathetic—but enough is enough. To offset the dieaway school we have some good younger women poets. Muriel Rukeyser and Shirley Barker are the real thing, and here I may mention a woman writer older than these, a woman versatile in poetry, the novel, books for children, and the art of illustration—a woman who illustrates the vigor that remains in the old tradition of literature in the new world. Her name is *Rachel Field.*

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best for her novel, "Time Out of Mind," but her "Points East" proved that she was a poet not only with charm but with power and a narrative ability that surpassed most of the women poets of her time. Now her new book, "Fear Is the Thorn" (Macmillan) will reward your purchase. Miss Field is no experimenter with form or wielder of loose rhetoric; nor does she write a psychological diary fuliginous to the average reader, or ride the high horse with Laura Riding—she merely has ideas, expresses them clearly, and writes verse that has its own individuality. She is not a poet of the first flight, but she can give you glimpses like this, from "The Pawnshop Window":

I'll never pass the Pawnshop
With its cluttered window pane,
But I shall see you standing there
Beside me in the rain.

Our breath made patches on the glass,
Mist filmed our coats like dew,
And you showed this and that to me,
I that and this to you;—

The tarnished rings, the dangling chains,
The silver plate embossed,
The tray of medals bravely won,
And still more bravely lost

Queer odds and ends of people's lives
In hopeless litter spread,
The way my mind is full of all
You ever did,—or said.

A hundred poets would have spoiled the expression of that simple idea. Miss Field models it with an inevitable twist of her own. Wholly delightful are "Night Thoughts from a Day-Bed" and it fully answers the late Mr. Kipling's "God of the Copybook Headings." It's a poem I want to commit to memory!

—I've watched old dogs at the newest tricks,
And built my houses of strawless bricks.
After the turning I've tried the lane;
Leaped, and then looked back again,
In a bed I did not make I lie.
Over spilt milk I often cry. . . .

"The Ballad of the Seal Woman" that completes the book is very well done. You may say that so far I have not proved that Miss Field really writes poetry, though she does seem to write acceptable verse. Go to her book then. Hers are unpretentious rhymes, but they often take on the magic of poetry. Read "Spinner of Time," about the spider trapped in the alarm-clock, "To a Certain Gentleman," "Lament for Organ Grinders," "Black Alder Berry," and "Equinoxial," for choice. I think you will agree with me then.

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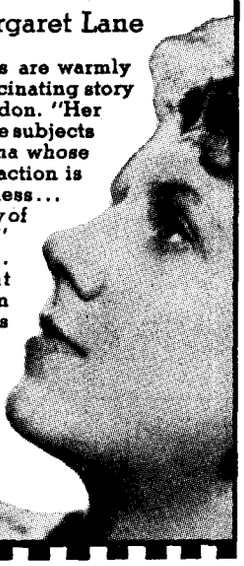

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

ARTIFEX: SKETCHES AND IDEAS. By Richard Aldington. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.50.

This collection is a miscellany, some parts of which are memorable and some hardly worth preserving. Artifex (the title of the first essay) is the "maker of myths, music, and images." All real benefits to human life come from Artifex. From the caves of Altamira to the latest virtuoso, he ministers to the more sensitive and better life. The theologian, the scientist, and the business man are leagued against him. "By killing out the arts from life and life from the arts, the modern world has impoverished its vitality. Indeed it may be said to be killing off one by one the very faculties and experiences which *are* life." Or, to quote the conclusion of a later essay, "Purpose in Life": "There is no purpose in life. Life is an end in itself." But there seems to be an overweening assumption here. "Life" does not consist only of those faculties and experiences to which Artifex ministers. The faculties and experiences which the theologian, scientist, and business man exercise and minister to are just as much a part of life as the others. The philosophy of life-an-end-in-itself has been held by myriads of people from Epicurus to Pater. It involves a purpose as much as any other. The arguments pro and con are never final, but the practice of the theory is apt to be disappointing. With respect to the modern world and its predominating machinery, however sharp one's reaction may be, it does no harm to keep one's balance.

The character sketches, "Abel," "The Squire," and "Female Thinking Extravert" are particularly good and memorable. Abel was a West Indian negro servant, and the Squire an eccentric Englishman, whimsical and great hearted, who traveled much, studied birds, and climbed trees barefooted until he was killed by a fall at the age of eighty-two. "Female Thinking Extravert" is a dreadful title, and should have been "Anita." The story is delicious, but Anita was not. She was an unattractive young woman, who thought that she ought to get rid of her virginity and was as solemn about it as a young convert to Calvinism. In the moral code of her set it was wrong not to have sexual experience; otherwise "one developed complexes and could not admire the best modern poetry or be eligible to the communist party." But for a lanky, unattractive young woman, with convictions but no passions, and coming from a rich and highly respectable family, the difficulties of doing what one ought were quite extraordinary.

A. C.

Fiction

THE BARONESS. By Ernst Weichert. Norton. 1936. $2.50.

The Baroness saw him coming through the fen, and watched him as he once more trod the earth of his home, home that was no more home to him. He had been too long among the dead: officially, on the rolls, on the monuments, and in the thoughts of his father and his friends; actually, in the peculiar hells that the French had known how to construct in Africa for a German soldier who had damaged a guard in attempting to escape. He had lost all that makes a man want a home, or a task to perform, or a friend to talk with. He had no more desire for the things of this life.

So the Baroness found him. She brought him home with her, and introduced him to those he once had known, now, in their own ways, as mad and as useless as he. Slowly, with great pain and with almost indescribable difficulty, he grew once again attached to his native soil; almost in spite of himself he saved the reason of an old friend; quite in spite of himself he took the last vestige of sanity from his father.

The Baroness led no normal life, and the lives of those about her were warped and strange, thanks to the war. She did

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
FLOWER OF THE GODS *Achmed Abdullah & Anthony Abbot* (Lee Furman: $2.)	Novel	Defying Hindu magic and Tao, high Tibetan priest, Lee Breckinridge plucks the sacred flower and the pay-off is just too, too sad.	Buddhaful
PORT OF HEAVEN *Thomas W. Metcalfe* (Dutton: $2.50.)	Adventure	Three-bottle hero reforms to clinch proud beauty and plenty of pieces of eight on Spanish Main, but it takes a long time.	Pot Likker
HORSETHIEF HOLE *Robert Ames Bennet* (Washburn: $2.)	Western	Jim Friel meets up with Red Lorkin—a no account hombre, horsethief, and snake. Perdita, gal, meets up with Jim. Biff! Bang! Zowie!	Middlin'

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the best she could, the good Baroness, to make life endurable; she did her best for Michael. At last she succeeded in bringing the son of the soil to his own acres, but with how much internal conflict and how much pain we can only guess.

We can only guess at most of what happens in this novel by Ernst Wiechert. Neither the tale, nor the manner of the telling, nor the personages of the tale, are clear—except for the officious ass, the pastor, who emerges distinctly from the dream world of the others as a perfect fool. Like Michael's life, like the life of the Baroness, and that of old Fahrenholz and that of Jonas, the story moves like the episodes of a dream, a dream none too pleasant, and yet, at the end, not overwhelmingly unhappy. Over the face of the earth move the strange men and women who have lost delight; but the earth remains, and the fruits of the earth. Only in the earth itself is peace.

Phyllis and Trevor Blewitt have put into a suitable English prose this unusual and difficult German novel.

S. A. N.

THE WORLD IS FOR THE YOUNG. By Lady Blanche Girouard. Macmillan. 1936. $3.50.

Out of this cluster of eight short stories you can take your pick of Irish feuds, fights, and loves, of Irish visions, tempers, and loyalties. For laughter, try the tale of the dead pig that split two families and a tender love affair. For nostalgia, the tale of the strange ride of Larry and Michael who used to hunt the fox together but find themselves bitter enemies in the civil war. For whimsy, the sketch of Lal, the simpleton.

Still, with all this variety, something is wanting in the book. It is like listening for an Irish jig and hearing "Pomp and Circumstance." For, though the conversations have the old, familiar lilt, an alien English rises up with the ceasing of the quotation marks—a stilted, lock-step King's English. And too, there seems to be an indefinable barrier between the author and most of her characters, perhaps that same barrier that cut off Larry who had gone to Sandhurst and was a British officer, from Michael, the Irish republican. Lady Blanche smiles down upon wrestling, dreaming, sorrowing Ireland with half-regretful aloofness.

D. K.

AS THEY REVELED. By Philip Wylie. Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.

Philip Wylie likes to indulge in literary fireworks. Two years ago his "Finnley Wren," digressive, lusty, polygamous, blazed its erratic course across the popular heavens. This new novel is a glittering set-piece. It is expertly ornamented and perfectly timed. It doesn't threaten to burst in your face like the rocket of 1934. Yet both these novels are palpably made of the same fiery stuff—"modern, civilized, biochemical, endocrinological, adept, expert, unemotional, functional, promiscuous, unbigoted, and enlightened love." Both revolve around aimless, self-analytical moderns. Back in the days of Finnley Wren, summer was hot, love pro-

(*Continued on page 27*)

"Required Reading."—*The New Yorker.*

The Last Puritan

A Memoir in the Form of a Novel

by

George Santayana

"The whole book is a delight, so richly packed with perceptions and wisdom and humor, not to mention poetry, that it can be read and reread for its texture alone." *Conrad Aiken in The New Republic.* $2.75

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5 DOLLAR PLAN
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marks its fifth anniversary, and, besides being the finest of this distinguished short story magazine's issues, it introduces STORY'S new FIVE DOLLAR PLAN.

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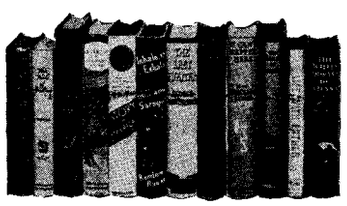

Any of these books, and a year of STORY —*both* for $5.

The Last Puritan by George Santayana (*Charles Scribner's Sons,* $2.75)

It Can't Happen Here by Sinclair Lewis (*Doubleday, Doran,* $2.50)

Inhale and Exhale by William Saroyan (*Random House,* $2.50)

Life with Father by Clarence Day (*Alfred A. Knopf,* $2)

The Hurricane by Nordhoff and Hall (*Little, Brown,* $2.50)

Any other current non-technical *book* which retails for $2.50 may be *substituted* for any of the above. Should you wish a more expensive book, add the difference to your remittance, i.e., for a $3 book send $5.50; for a $4 book send $6.50, etc. Foreign postage is $1.50 extra.

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Comparative Literature

TO the schedule of marvels which were too wonderful for the compiler of the Proverbs should be added a fifth—the way of a book in the auction room. It may not be accorded a single bid, and it may change hands at a price that outrages decency. It may be an item so common that a fanatic could load a taxi full of copies in a day's circuit of the shops at an average outlay of ten dollars—and that evening still another copy may be knocked down for a hundred. It may be something so récherché that only one copy (listed at one hundred dollars) has appeared in a catalogue in donkey's years—and a second copy, at auction, may change owners at ten. Bibliofinanciers may study price trends with the zeal which the eighth-chaser devotes to stock-market reports and still (if they are wise) appreciate that they have yet to cross the threshold that is the beginning of wisdom.

A few generalities can, of course, be ventured, even if the venturing must carry the time-table proviso of liability to change without notice. One is that the more homogeneous a library, the higher prices it is likely to average, and conversely, that low prices are more probable in the dispersal of a miscellaneous collection. There is no particular mystery about it. Suppose, for example, that a library devoted wholly to Dr. Johnson is offered. The sale will be attended, obviously, by massed cohorts of Johnsonians, to the exclusion of followers of Victorian authors, early American almanacs, modern firsts, and the New England group. The competition will be all the keener on that account. Every lot offered is of some direct interest, tepid or frenetic, to everyone present. But when several heterogeneous groups —incunabula, Franklinana, Wordsworth firsts, Confederate imprints, signed portraits of American interpreters of Shakespeare, and a handful of nautical books— are assembled in one sale, competition is inevitably diluted. The incunabulists are silent (or talkative about something else) while the autographed photographs of Ada Rehan are being hawked, and the Americana adherents, thanks to the dogmatism of the alphabet, are no longer even in attendance by the time "The Excursion" and the second issue of "Lyrical Ballads" are reached.

Two recent sales at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries provide a sound exemplification of these axioms. Each sale included several lots that were common to the other—lots, moreover, in which the factor of condition (so important a determinant in the fixing of values today) was as nearly identical as one could hope to find it in two copies of a given book. The first of these was the dispersal, at the end of January, of the library of the late Eldridge L. Adams, with additions from other fine collections, including those of Irving S. Underhill and C. Sidney Crane. The six-hundred lots comprised almost wholly modern American and English firsts and press books, plus the admirable inter-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEAD END STREET *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Murder of policeman and secret of sinister old Spuyten Duyvil mansion solved handsomely by Peter Clancy.	Gothic goings-on in—and beneath—dismal abode atop Inwood rocks produce thrills and a chuckle or two.	Acceptable
THE TRAITOR *Sidney Horler* (Little, Brown: $2.)	British officer accused of selling military secrets to enemy power saved at last minute by trusting sweetheart.	Cut along general lines of international intrigue yarns with a few new angles—and shapely curves.	Satisfactory
THE STARS SCREAM MURDER *Arthur B. Reeve* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Murder of aged lady in L. I. manor solved by Craig Kennedy—who has gone in for astrology.	Beyond novel idea of solving crime by casting suspects' horoscopes this is nothing to shout about.	Take it away!
PHILO VANCE MURDER CASES *S. S. Van Dine* (Scribners: $2.50)	"Scarab," "Kennel," and "Dragon" cases reprinted with separate introductions by Van Dine, also his "20 Rules for Writing Detective Stories," two "profiles" of author, and pictures.	None of the three novels is among Van Dine's best, but all except the "Scarab" are worth reading once, and the rest of the material will interest most detective story fans.	Bargain

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lude provided by Mr. Underhill's superb Mark Twains. The second collection, sold March 3d and 4th, was made up of various properties, among them consignments from the libraries of the late Mary Strong Shattuck, Dr. C. J. Cresmer, and the Authors Club of New York. (These sales will hereinafter be designated respectively A and B.)

B's miscellaneousness is patent at a glance from the fact that the first four lots were Georgius Agricola's "De Re Metallica Libri XII" (Basle, 1657—a later edition than that which the Hoovers translated), a single lot comprising five volumes of contemporary American poetry, an eighteenth-century album kept by one C. Albrecht, and, thank Heaven, a sound copy of "Little Men." T. S. Arthur's "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" was sandwiched in between "John Rauch's Receipts on Dyeing" (New York, 1815) and thirteen groups of armorial bindings. The only blanket characterization possible to make out of this medley is that they are all books. Note, now, the effect of these considerations on the prices paid for the same titles:

Crane: "The Black Riders" (Boston, 1895), immaculate and unopened (A), $75; fine (B), $27.50.

Du Maurier: "Peter Ibbetson" (London, 1892), fine, in morocco case, and with original pen-and-ink drawings by the author laid in (A), $95; fine, with ALS by author to publisher referring to the book (B), $75.

Galsworthy: "The White Monkey" (London, 1924), fine, dust jacket (torn), inscribed "Very cordially John Galsworthy. Oct. 30, 1924" (A), $30; inscribed "For F. Howell very cordially John Galsworthy. Oct. 30, 1924" (B), $17.50.

—— "Swan Song" (London, 1928), fine, dust jacket, inscribed "Inscribed by John Galsworthy" (A), $42.50; first issue, fine, dust jacket, inscribed "Inscribed for F. Howell by John Galsworthy" (B), $32.50.

—— "A modern Comedy" (London, 1929), immaculate, dust jacket, inscribed "R. Middleton cordially John Galsworthy" (A), $40; immaculate, dust jacket, inscribed "F. Howell cordially John Galsworthy" (B), $20.

Hardy: "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (London, 1926), one of 325 signed copies, (A), $17.50; (B), $15.

Hearn: "Some Chinese Ghosts" (Boston, 1887), (A), $90; (B), $70. (Condition not specified in either instance—inferentially, therefore, both in good second-hand condition.)

London: "The Call of the Wild" (New York, 1903), immaculate, dust jacket (A), $87.50; fine (B), $35.

McFee: "Letters from an Ocean Tramp" (London, 1908), back slightly faded (A), $30; back faded, covers stained, inner back hinge cracked (B), $7.50.

Three of these nine lots provide close though not pure parallels, but the rest, in special the Galsworthys (unless R. Middleton be twice the man that F. Howell is), correspond pretty exactly. The A lots were buoyed up and sustained by a splendid run of inscribed Conrads, a magnificent series of T. E. Lawrence letters, and comparable jewels. And conversely, the B lots were let down by C. Albrecht and his scribbling friends and acquaintances.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 25*)

miscuous, and the air charged with lightning, but nothing happened. In "As They Reveled" the storm breaks.

The author has ulterior motives when he sets four youngish couples down on miniature estates along the Long Island Sound where life is soft and love is free. He is going to get them into a snarl for the precise purpose of ravelling them out of it. They are gay and pleasant people, but they are obsessed with the idea that their languorous geographical intimacy implies a hell of a lot more. While the heat waves roll across the Sound and the dew forms on their cocktail glasses, they become, to borrow a phrase from unsuspecting Milton, inveterately convolved. The monstrous joke is that believing themselves emotionally fireproof they succumb to the very jealousies and vanities they have delighted to ignore, and their relationships crash into hysterical disillusion. The author lashes these poor sophisticates with a wicked prose, but he is too good a psychologist to leave them cowering, and his solution of their problems is both clinical and kind. His book is streamlined up to the minute. D. K.

FLEA CIRCUS. By Bettina Linn. Smith & Haas. 1936. $2.

Miss Linn possesses not only the writter's technical attainments but the writter's temperament as well, a rarer thing. She has, clearly, that vast and embracing curiosity about all of life, and that passionate interest in all kinds of people, which make of writing a calling, in the old sense. "Flea Circus" (a title too slight for the book) is alive with curiosity and interest. It searches out today's

BUDDHA & THE OCCIDENT

by IRVING BABBITT

is a brilliant posthumous essay which will appear in the March and April numbers of

The American Review

"The special danger of the present time would seem to be an increasing material contact between national and racial groups that remain spiritually alien"—thus Irving Babbitt begins this provocative study intended as an introduction to the edition of the *Dhammapada* which he completed just before his death.

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(Other *American Review* contributors include G. K. Chesterton, Hoffman Nickerson, Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, Arthur Penty, Eric Gill, Hilaire Belloc, Ralph Adams Cram, T. S. Eliot, Paul Elmer More, Wyndham Lewis, Robert Shafer, Seward Collins.)

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scene in an unnamed American city which might be any city, and darts like a spotlight from one group of people to another, from unemployed to mill-owner, from priest to iconoclast, from communist to sturdy individualist, from social worker to strike-breaker. Miss Linn's talents make of these a series of fine studies, each one as rounded, as sensitive, as penetrating, as it could be. It is when she interrelates them, toward the larger design of the novel, that we note what is lacking. It is a point of view.

When Miss Linn presents each character with the same devoted conviction she takes conviction from the whole. If everybody is so warm and human and lovable, then the frictions and disasters that take place become meaningless. The only villain in the piece seems to be destiny. Perhaps Miss Linn has tried to achieve an impossible objectivity in her writing. As a result she seems to be subscribing to every idea at the same time: to the miracle of the priest, to the common sense of the worldly man, to the social convictions of the agitator, to the doubts of the sideline observer. A sharp point of view, a definite orientation in one kind of thinking or another, will give Miss Linn's next novel the strength this one lacks and make it really worthy of her capacities.

N. L. R.

Miscellaneous

THE MEDICINE-MAN OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN AND HIS CULTURAL BACKGROUND. By William Thomas Corlett, M.D. Baltimore: Charles C. Thomas. 1935. $5.

The subject of this book should be well worth handling, but in the present instance, an utter naiveté of treatment, lack of discrimination in selection of sources and judgment between fact and statement, render the work valueless. Even where a thoroughly reliable source is used—as in the passage on Navajo medicine, derived from Washington Matthews's splendid studies — apparently complete misunderstanding leads to grotesque misstatements. Even in his own field of medicine in its modern sense, one is led to feel that Dr. Corlett is at moments too superficial, and too sweeping in his conclusions, to put it mildly. To a layman, this congeries of undigested information would be merely deceptive; to a scientist, the task of sifting renders the work of little use.

O. La F.

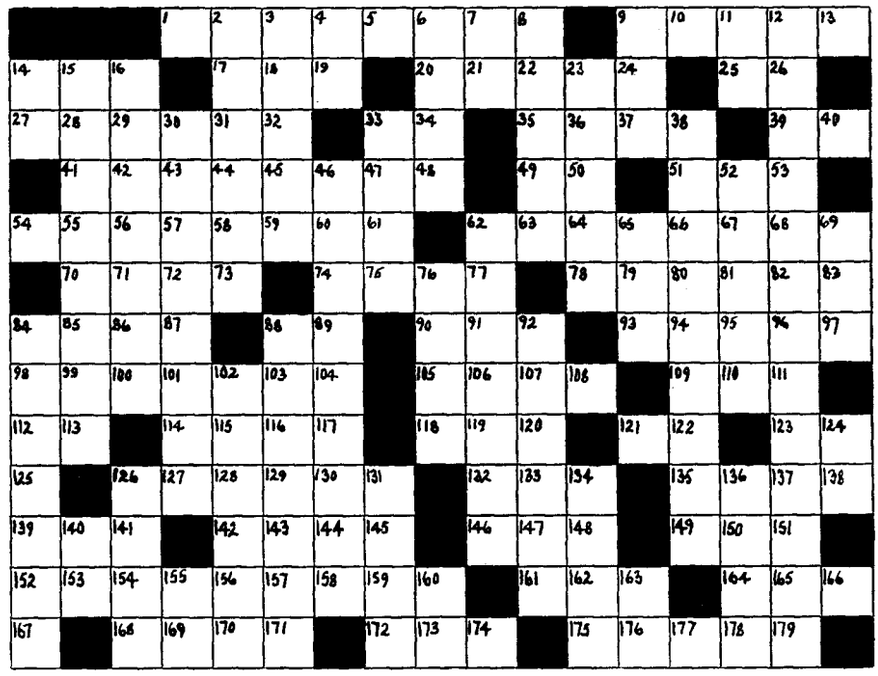
WITHOUT GREASE. By Frank R. Kent. Morrow. 1936. $2.50.

Mr. Kent's book will give great satisfaction to those who hate Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal and all persons and ideas connected with it. Compiled chiefly from Mr. Kent's daily newspaper column on politics, it exhibits his virtues and failings as a correspondent. He has an incisive style, a reporter's nose for news and interesting incident. On the debit side, Mr. Kent writes as a prosecuting attorney, and not as an objective observer. He has chosen the easier way, to call names, to toss catch-phrases at everything the administration says and does. The net re-

(*Continued on page* 30)

Double-Crostics: No. 103

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 23 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. An English county.

II. Jewish Feast of the Dedication.

III. Obstinate.

IV. Unfitness, clumsiness.

V. A dilatory mover.

VI. Hermes of Egyptian gods.

VII. Unutterable.

VIII. Under.

IX. A European capital.

X. University town in S. E. France.

XI. Don Quixote's mare.

XII. Commercial centre in western Siberia.

XIII. Individual name given to Buddha at birth.

XIV. Civil War battle (1862).

XV. Heroine of "Lady of the Lake."

XVI. Muscular power.

XVII. Veracity.

XVIII. Neck of land.

XIX. Formidable.

XX. High Priest's official garments.

XXI. Musical composition for seven.

XXII. Incapable of being maintained.

XXIII. To talk discursively.

XXIV. Special talents.

XXV. That which is added to the augend (math.).

XXVI. Shakespearean fairy.

WORDS

12 25 179 86 172 169 111 143

133 67 89 147 57 38 81

56 113 170 88 90 40 159 132

165 14 122 129 120 68 175 155 32 53

125 46 119 164 142 49 4 92

82 52 18 77 123

107 157 26 76 17 98 45 20 85

59 13 141 106 6 96

2 24 100 177 69 117

160 156 31 163 139 146 103 130

19 34 87 173 50 124 118 51 151

136 174 16 145

48 158 131 171 150 109 3 149 91 101

7 112 110 166 63 39

71 84 167 60 65

66 23 104 114 8

135 79 162 116 70

21 161 105 83 62 43 11

178 134 61 127 64 95 154 37 73

36 128 176 28 15 140

35 80 137 126 97 42 27 75

93 5 148 47 108 144 78 74 58

152 55 44 102 30 10

22 29 168 99 41

72 1 9 153 94 54

138 115 33 121

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD QUERCUS, just back from some Trade observations on the road, will offer a few notes next week. Perhaps his outstanding pleasure was to learn that the educators of Waltham, Mass., are proud of the memory that George Gissing once taught English in their high school.

☞George F. Rittenhouse, formerly of Baker & Taylor, tells us of the progress of the National Guild of Book Reviewers, of which he is one of the organizers. The N.G.B.R. is a plan to sell more books in the bookstores of small cities (maximum population 100,000) through book reviews written by local people. Of 1100 booksellers invited, over 200, in 44 states, have already signed up with the plan. The bookseller nominates three local reviewers and two alternates; to these the N.G.B.R. sends regularly, about once a month, three new books. The reviews are supposed to be brief, 50 to 75 words, and will be enlarged on posters for bookstore windows with photographs of the reviewers and display copies of the books. Reviewers are asked to agree not to lend their review copies to friends around town. A test of the plan made last fall in Summit, N. J., was successful—increased sales and rentals on the three books chosen. ☞The idea, in brief, is to harness word-of-mouth advertising, which is something publishers have always regarded as a desideratum, and to apply local testimonial advertising to the book field.

☞Bashful Old Quercus, always diffident, wonders what to do about the continual invitations he gets from an "anthropological" publisher to buy (for 2 bucks) Dr. Mantegazza's Private Cabinet of Racial-Esoteric Photographs and General Merrygoround of Occult Physiologies and Savage Love-Arts. ☞Astonishingly Bizarre and Daring Format by Experts, cry these circulars; "printed on flesh colored paper especially made as symbolic of this sex classic." ☞The book is set in 12-point Scotch, which seems a little bleak, however. ☞But "Please do not send for this exotic work, says the circular, unless you can qualify as a Cultured Adult." ☞Uncertain whether he can so qualify, Old Q has not sent.

☞Snyder & Hall, foreign representatives for American publishers, now use a device of their own on their bulletins: an open book showing the two hemispheres on front and back covers. This is from the lively pencil of Mr. Hall himself, who no longer has leisure for the heraldic coats-of-arms that were once his hobby. ☞Snyder & Hall report much interest in Barnes & Noble's paper-bound College Outline Series, one of the most remarkable of which is the Atlas of Human Anatomy. ☞This is only $1.25 in paper binding, the color reproductions of German anatomical charts are superb, printed by Hoen of Baltimore. The text by Dr. J. F. Williams of Columbia University is not only highly interesting but full of surprising humor. ☞The March dinner of the New York Booksellers' League will be held March 18; among the speakers will be Mr. Canby; Professor Furnas of Yale; Sheldon Dick, author of *Mexican Journey;* and Dr. Max Jutte, author of *You Must Eat Meat.* ☞Chicago collectors note that the Argosy Book Store, 114 East 59, has discovered the earliest Chicago publication known—a broadside about the construction of the Illinois-Michigan Canal printed in 1836. ☞If we had time to write letters, we'd let Ex-President Hoover know that L'Art Ancien, a famous bookstore at the pleasant address 8 Pelikanstrasse, Zurich, Switzerland, offers for only 350 francs (Swiss? or French?) the first German edition (Basel, 1557) of Agricola's work on mining, *De Re Metallica,* of which Mr. and Mrs. Hoover made an English translation from the Latin.

☞Old Quercus was pleased to see, in the annual Bulletin of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, that Sinclair Lewis last year spent a holiday among the Norfolk Broads—not trollops but lakes and rivers in Eastern England. ☞"I recommend," Lewis, "this combination of camping, sailing, and pub-crawling." ☞Q first knew the Broads as long ago as 1904, and though they've probably been a bit picknicked up since then by the general increase of yip-i-addy he still dreams of them for another vacation.

☞Arthur Bell has been meditating the wide spread of tastes satisfied by L., B. & Co.'s publications, and delivers himself thus:—

TO MY PUBLISHERS

In no mean sense pedantic,
I ever couple thee
With such as the Atlantic
Refining Company.

The good Old Farmer's Almanac
Seems somewhat less highbrow;
It cannot be you're slipping back:
Little, Brown, what now!

☞Frank Rosengren, bookseller in San Antonio, Texas, sends us his excellent catalogue of Rare and Standard books, which he believes is the first book catalogue ever emitted from that city. Mr. Rosengren agreeably suggests that he wants to sell his collection of Early American Sheet Music so he can take a walking trip through Sweden. ☞K. P. A. sends a news clipping from Corpus Christi, Texas, about a robbery there; the burglar stole no money, clothes, or jewels but three dozen volumes of Shakespeare. The Corpus Christi cops are puzzled: they know no book-loving housebreakers. ☞Peter Greig, the literary wine merchant, is pushing *Chateau de la Brede* 1934, a modest Graves grown on the property of Montesquieu. Peter thinks that lawyers should have a sentimental feeling for this wine.

Erratum

The Linnell set of illustrations of the Book of Job belongs to Grenville Winthrop, not to Egerton Winthrop, as stated in the review of "Illustrations of the Book of Job" in our issue of January 18.

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When the manuscript of *Once We Had a Child* was sent in, it was accompanied by a letter from HANS FALLADA which said:

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Your correspondents believe readers will agree with HANS FALLADA—even the many readers who loved *Little Man, What Now?*

It's true that *Little Man* was memorable for its vitality, its tenderness, its humor. But so is this new book—and it has more—a solidity of background and of drama which is impossible to forget.

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Read *Once We Had a Child* if you like novels that are full-bodied and thorough and satisfying. Read it with time to spare and a good comfortable chair and a good light to read by. It is a rich experience.

—ESSANDESS

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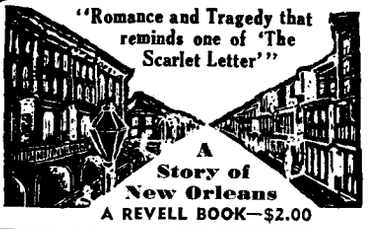

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The Secretary of State Speaks Out

"HIGH TARIFF vs. TRADE," by Cordell Hull, is the leading article in the March issue of Harpers Magazine. Signed articles by the Secretary of State are rare and this one is of particular significance since it is a thorough, complete, and well rounded presentation of Mr. Hull's views on tariffs and world trade.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 28*)

sult is a distorted picture, one rather wearisome for a reader who relishes plain American common sense and balance, and, even in politics, a bit of fairness. Ought not more than this to be expected from a man of Mr. Kent's attainments and knowledge of national politics? The saving grace of his comments is that he is occasionally almost as critical of some of Mr. Roosevelt's opponents, notably the Liberty League. Perhaps it is too much to ask anyone to write fairly at this time about matters at Washington.

C. McD. P.

CAPITALISM AND ITS CULTURE. By Jerome Davis. Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $3.

Professor Davis's book is a survey of the impact of capitalism on our civilization. He collects a great body of material and poses the issues confronting our generation so that no man may mistake their meaning.

H. J. L.

Brief Mention

To readers who are going west by car, *The Lincoln Highway: The Story of a Crusade That Made Transportation History*, may be of interest (Dodd, Mead, $2.50). * * * Three books on America should be mentioned together, *Where Life Is Better*, by James Rorty, which is described as an unsentimental American journal (Reynal & Hitchcock, $3). This is the account of a journey and reflections on the decay of American life which accompanied it. *Powerful America*, by Eugene J. Young (Stokes, $3), on the other hand, is a correspondent's argument for an aggressive international policy; and *What Does America Mean?* by Alexander Meiklejohn (Norton, $3), is a series of essays on the American spirit. * * * *In Quest of Lost Worlds*, by an American who signs himself Count Byron de Prorok (Dutton, $3.50), is a narrative of miscellaneous archæological adventures. * * * Rose Macaulay is always good as an essayist. Her *Personal Pleasures* (Macmillan, $2.50) will be welcomed by those who admire her novels. It admirably supplements her anthology published last Fall entitled *The Minor Pleasures of Life* (Harpers, $3.50). * * * Professor Howard R. Patch of Smith has added to the lengthy literature about the first of the medieval philosophers, Boethius, a study of his importance in medieval culture, called *The Tradition of Boethius* (Oxford Press, $2.75). Let us note also a charming book, *Romantic Figures in Pen and Color: A French Portrait Album of a Century Ago*, by Ernest F. Langley (Harvard Press, $2.50). Those interested in game will find some of the facts as to the present deplorable situation in *Fish and Game, Now or Never* by Harry Barton Hawes (Appleton-Century, $3). * * * Finally, *The Illustrated World History* edited by Sir John Hammerton and Harry Elmer Barnes (Wise Publishing Co., $2.95), is an extraordinarily compact and comprehensive survey from pre-history to the present, illustrated and broad in scope.

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PERSONALS

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IS THERE A BRIGHT, intelligent young man bourgeois enough to enjoy three weeks' random (economical) cycling trip in England, followed by three weeks in London, topped off, perhaps, with a week in Paris? Sailing about June 15. Box 114-B.

GRADUATE STUDENTS: German reading instruction; private lessons, $1.00; highly recommended teacher. Box 115-B.

WRITER (American Mercury, New Masses, O'Brien's, "little" mags., etc.), 24, tall, New Yorker, needs any work except selling. Anything, from pick and shovel job up (or down). Box 116-B.

WOMAN, 34, cultured, good cook and housekeeper, fond of children, capable of complete charge, would like to meet family who could use her services week-ends, holidays, summer, near N. Y. Remuneration secondary. Box 117-B.

WOULD CALIFORNIA SUNKIST MALE consider epistolary refreshment from neighboring Pacific Coast woman even if Sunkist only consumerishly speaking? Box 118-B.

WHO KNOWS where obtainable simple drawing of "pilgrim" (or two) climbing slope in shining light? Box 121-B.

PERSONALS

BIRTHDAY GIRL, DOMINICA, B.W.I. Height five feet four inches; weight ninety-nine lbs. six and one half ozs. Hi, Patsy: Here's to a happy twenty-seventh. Love and kisses. Betted.

WHAT PRICE did you have to pay to adjust yourself to the world? Read: HOMAGE TO BLENHOLT, by Daniel Fuchs, Author of "Summer In Williamsburg." $2.50 At All Bookstores. VANGUARD, 424 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

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IN A WORLD where the literati is usually aged and the young not learned, is there One (about 27) who combines the charm of both virtues? Signed: Desperatto, 22.

I WILL PAY one dollar and postage refunded for any bundle of clothes weighing seven pounds or more, to be sold for charity. Must be in good condition. Address L. B. N., FARMINGTON, MICHIGAN.

MIDWESTERNITE (30) cosmopolitan, cultured, musical, personable, seeks stimulating friends, combining intellect with gayety. Miss Nuyork.

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HAVE YOU A SHACK for the summer or a house for the year, one to three hours from New York, to rent to a writer's family that has been living a civilized life in the wilds of northern Michigan? Price a necessary consideration. Testimonial from present landlord. Box 120-B.

WOULD ANY ONE CARE to write to a cheerful, poor, handsome, straw blond, introvert, 163 pounds, 5 ft. 9½ in., almost 30? He has to work through one more year of some college; interested mostly in architecture and town planning; then general literature, sometimes theatre, jurisprudence, quarterly trips; and all that is conducive to normal, happy and healthy life. Box 122-B.

UNIVERSITY TEACHER will tutor English, revise manuscripts. Journalistic experience, published articles. Box 123-B.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, Mid-westerner, 21, wants position. She has done publicity, newspaper reporting for leading daily, translations. Expert stenographer. Four years' experience. Excellent references. Box 124-B.

ENGLISH TEACHER, weary of working for nothing, wants paying position. Box 125-B.

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PLAYWRIGHT-PRODUCER seeks intelligent, theatrically gifted secretary-collaborator to work with him on new comedy for definite Fall production. Royalty arrangement. Box 127-B.

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WE IN CAPTIVITY

A NOVEL BY

KATHLEEN PAWLE

"Awake, Awake, Dark Rosaleen!

We would die for you; we will die for you!"

AND her sons and lovers did die for her, she whom men also called the Little Old Woman, Deirdre of the Sorrows; died with her name on their lips, while in their hearts burned a love of her that was a fierce, flaming passion; died to set her free—insatiable, beautiful, maddening Ireland.

Ignatius Proudfoot, born in County Meath, was not altogether one of these brave lovers, for life to him seemed good, and Maureen MacCarthy, far too sweet to set him tilting at windmills . . . and him still a lad. Yet he was destined to be drawn into the maelstrom of the Rebellion, finally to be thrown up on an alien shore, his world tumbled about his ears.

As this story moves forward, we get an unforgettable picture of the youth of Ireland, caught in the toils of Revolution, which is their heritage, the eternal struggle to free her from the yoke of the English Oppressor. More and beyond, the novel depicts the image of youth everywhere—of Youth itself—with its irrepressible ideals, bashing itself against the Reality of that which is.

Brilliantly, and with a wealth of fascinating background detail, the author paints the scene for her drama—the whole of Ireland, her high hopes and black despairs, her loves and hates and unsuppressible yearnings. Gradually, but with ever-increasing tension and drama, the many threads of the story are woven together into the tremendous climax of the Rebellion.

WE IN CAPTIVITY has all the pathos of "The Informer," the excitement of "Shake Hands with the Devil," and a style comparable to Donn Byrne. It is already in its second printing and is scheduled for publication on March 16th. $2.50

BOOKSELLERS' COMMENT

"The book interested me exceedingly much, and it is different from all the other Irish novels concerned with that subject. It has bits of beautiful writing in it and, on the whole, I think it is a crackerjack story."—MARION DODD, The Hampshire Bookshop, Northampton, Mass.

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"I have just finished WE IN CAPTIVITY. I suppose it is the finest book I have read in some years. After reading the book I got out all of our guides on Ireland, Dublin, etc. I've been there twice. Then I read them and re-read James Stephens and some of Padraic Colum, and some Irish poetry. And then it was two in the morning and I was, and am still, convinced that WE IN CAPTIVITY is a remarkable book."—ELIZABETH LUSTIG CLOUGH, The Booke Shop, Providence, R. I.

●

"A fascinating story, told with an understanding and enthusiasm which grip the reader from beginning to end. Its pages are filled with pathos and with laughter."—ERNEST F. DELL, Brentano's, New York.

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"WE IN CAPTIVITY has the compelling quality that radiates from all living things. Its story of youth, striving after the fulfillment of its ideals, is absorbing from the first page to the last."—HARRIET ANDERSON, Channel Book Shop, New York.

Recommended by the BOOK-of-the-MONTH CLUB

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